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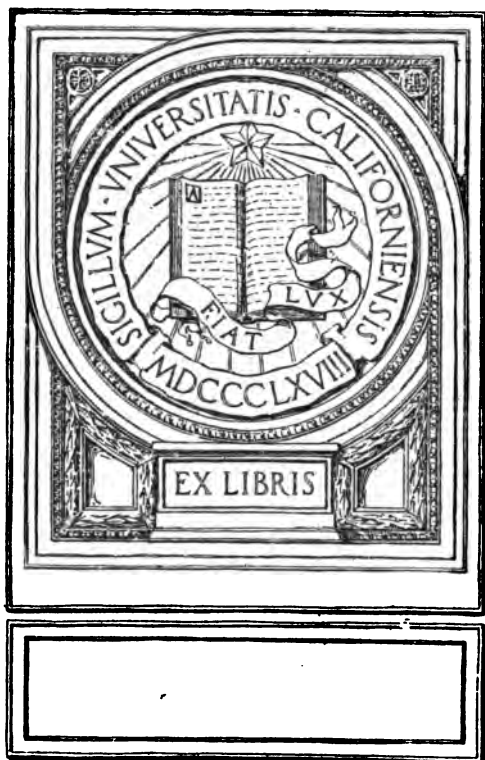
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# ENGLAND A NATION

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## **ENGLAND: A NATION**





# ENGLAND: A NATION

BEING THE PAPERS OF  
THE PATRIOTS' CLUB

EDITED BY

LUCIAN OLDERSHAW



UNIV OF  
CALIFORNIA

LONDON AND EDINBURGH  
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*OLD England, gracious wielder of the spell  
Of pastoral beauty, janitress benign  
Of green Arcadian temples, matron-belle  
Robed rich of rustic glory, it is well,  
Yea, past all boasting, to be son of thine.*

*Foul fall such ingrates as the spell proclaim  
A charm outworn, and in their lust of gold  
Deem thy swift conquests of sublimer fame  
Than this that shaped them—English such in name,  
Yet aliens utter both in heart and mould.*

*Stay thou green England, fill thy loins with store  
Of peasant manhood, sow thou plenteous seed  
Of such grim valour as was thine of yore,  
Be thy strong philtres aye and evermore  
The broad green woodland and the wind-swept mead!*

*GEORGE BARTRAM.*

## THE PATRIOTIC IDEA

By G. K. CHESTERTON

### I

THE scepticism of the last two centuries has attacked patriotism as it has attacked all the other theoretic passions of mankind, and in the case of patriotism the attack has been interesting and respectable because it has come from a set of modern writers who are not mere sceptics, but who really have an organic belief in philosophy and politics. Tolstoy, perhaps the greatest of living Europeans, has succeeded in founding a school which, whatever its faults (and they are neither few nor small), has all the characteristics of a great religion. Like a great religion, it is positive, it is public, above all, it is paradoxical. The Tolstoyan enjoys asserting the hardest parts of his belief with that dark and magnificent joy which has been unknown in the world for nearly four hundred years. He enjoys saying, 'No man should strike a blow even to defend his country,' in the same way that Tertullian enjoyed saying, '*Credo quia impossibile.*'

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This important and growing sect, together with many modern intellectuals of various schools, directly impugn the idea of patriotism as interfering with the larger sentiment of the love of humanity. To them the particular is always the enemy of the general. To them every nation is the rival of mankind. To them, in not a few instances, every man is the rival of mankind. And they bear a dim and not wholly agreeable resemblance to a certain kind of people who go about saying that nobody should go to church, since God is omnipresent, and not to be found in churches.

Suppose that two men, lost upon some gray waste in rain and darkness, were to come upon the light of a porch and take shelter in some strange house, where the household entertained them pleasantly. It might be that some feast or entertainment was going forward ; that private theatricals were in preparation, or progressive whist in progress. One of these travellers might lend a hand instinctively and heartily, might play his cards at whist in a fighting spirit, might black his face in theatricals and make the children laugh. And this he would do because he felt kindly towards the whole company. But the other man would say : ' I love this company so much that I dislike its being divided into factions by progressive

whist; I love so much the human face divine that I do not wish to see it obscured with soot or grease-paint; I will not take a partner for the lancers, for that would involve selecting one woman for special privilege, and I love you all alike.' The first man would undoubtedly amuse the whole company more. And would he not love the whole company more?

Every one of us has, indeed, been lost in a gray waste of eternity, and strayed to the portal of this earth, over which the lamp is the sun. We find inside the company of humanity engaged in certain ancient festivals and forms, certain competitions and distinctions. And, as in the other case, two kinds of love can be offered to that society. The prig will profess to join in their unity; the good comrade will join in their divisions.

If the stray guests see something utterly immoral in the distinctions, something utterly wicked in the ritual, doubtless they must protest; but they should never protest because the distinctions are distinctions, and therefore in one sense exclusive, or because the ritual is ritual, and therefore in one sense irrational. If the stranger in the house has a moral objection, for instance, to playing for money, he ought to decline, though he ought not to enjoy declining. But he must not ask, 'Why am I arbitrarily



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made a partner with So-and-so?' He must not say, 'What rational difference is there between spades and diamonds?' If he really loves his kind, he will, as far as he can, and in the great mass of things, play the parts given him. He will preserve this gay and impetuous conservatism; he will throw himself into the competitive sports of nationality; he will walk with relish in the ancient theatricals of religion.

Because the modern intellectuals who disapprove of patriotism do not do this, a strange coldness and unreality hangs about their love for men. If you ask them whether they love humanity, they will say, doubtless sincerely, that they do. But if you ask them touching any of the classes that go to make up humanity, you will find that they hate them all. They hate kings, they hate priests, they hate soldiers, they hate sailors. They distrust men of science, they denounce the middle classes, they despair of working men, but they adore humanity. Only they always speak of humanity as if it were a curious foreign nation. They are dividing themselves more and more from men to exalt the strange race of mankind. They are ceasing to be human in the effort to be humane.

The truth is, of course, that real universality is to be reached rather by convincing

ourselves that we are in the best possible relation with our immediate surroundings. The man who loves his own children is much more universal, is much more fully in the general order, than the man who dandles the infant hippopotamus or puts the young crocodile in a perambulator. For in loving his own children he is doing something which is (if I may use the phrase) far more essentially hippopotamic than dandling hippopotami; he is doing as they do. It is the same with patriotism. A man who loves humanity and ignores patriotism is ignoring humanity. The man who loves his country may not happen to pay extravagant verbal compliments to humanity, but he is paying to it the greatest of compliments—imitation.

The fundamental spiritual advantage of patriotism and such sentiments is this: that by means of it all things are loved adequately, because all things are loved individually. Cosmopolitanism gives us one country, and it is good; nationalism gives us a hundred countries, and every one of them is the best. Cosmopolitanism offers a positive, patriotism a chorus of superlatives. Patriotism begins the praise of the world at the nearest thing, instead of beginning it at the most distant, and thus it insures what is, perhaps, the most essential of all earthly considerations, that nothing upon

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earth shall go without its due appreciation. Wherever there is a strangely-shaped mountain upon some lonely island, wherever there is a nameless kind of fruit growing in some obscure forest, patriotism insures that this shall not go into darkness without being remembered in a song.

There is, moreover, another broad distinction, which inclines us to side with those who support the abstract idea of patriotism against those who oppose it. There are two methods by which intelligent men may approach the problem of that temperance which is the object of morality in all matters—in wine, in war, in sex, in patriotism ; that temperance which desires, if possible, to have wine without drunkenness, war without massacre, love without profligacy, and patriotism without Sir Alfred Harmsworth. One method, advocated by many earnest people from the beginning of history, is what may roughly be called the teetotal method ; that is, that it is better, because of their obvious danger, to do without these great and historic passions altogether. The upholders of the other method (of whom I am one) maintain, on the contrary, that the only ultimate and victorious method of getting rid of the danger is thoroughly to understand and experience the passions. We maintain that with every

one of the great emotions of life there goes a certain terror, which, when taken with imaginative reality, is the strongest possible opponent of excess ; we maintain, that is to say, that the way to be afraid of war is to know something about war ; that the way to be afraid of love is to know something about it ; that the way to avoid excess in wine is to feel it as a perilous benefit, and that patriotism goes along with these. The other party maintains that the best guarantee of temperance is to wear a blue ribbon ; we maintain that the best guarantee is to be born in a wine-growing country. They maintain that the best guarantee of purity is to take a celibate vow ; we maintain that the best guarantee of purity is to fall in love. They maintain that the best guarantee of avoiding a reckless pugnacity is to forswear fighting ; we maintain that the best guarantee is to have once experienced it. They maintain that we should care for our country too little to resent trifling impertinences ; we maintain that we should care too much about our country to do so. It is like the Mohammedan and Christian sentiment of temperance. Mohammedanism makes wine a poison ; Christianity makes it a sacrament.

Many humane moderns have a horror of nationality as the mother of wars. So in

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a sense it is, just as love and religion are. Men will always fight about the things they care for, and in many cases quite rightly. But there is another thing which should not be altogether forgotten, and that is this: that in so far as men increase in intelligence they must see that a quite primary and mystical affection is a foolish thing to put into violent competition with another thing of the same kind. Men may fight about a rational preference, because there victory may prove something. But an irrational preference is far too fine a thing to fight about, because there victory proves nothing.

When men first become conscious of splendid and disturbing emotions, it is their natural instinct, their first and most natural and most reasonable instinct, to kill people. Thus, for instance, the sentiment of romantic love went through the same historical evolution as the sentiment of patriotism. When a medieval knight or troubadour realized that there was an intensity in a pure and monogamous sentiment which was quite beyond anything in merely animal appetites, he immediately took a long spear and rushed round the neighbourhood offering to kill anybody who denied that he had fallen in love with precisely the right person. I do not think that it can be reasonably maintained that

romantic love has decayed in the centuries succeeding this ; what has happened has been that people have perceived not that love is too insignificant to fight about, but that it is too important to fight about. Men have perceived, that is to say, that in these matters of the affections all combat is ineffective, since no combatant would ever accept its issue. Each of us thinks his own country is the best in the world, just as each of us might think his own mother the best in the world. But when we think this we do not proceed, or in the least desire to proceed, to the bellicose test. We do not set our mothers to fight each other in an ampitheatre, and for the excellent reason that if one mother overcame the other mother, it would not make the least difference to anybody. That is the only serious objection to the institution of the duel. That the duel kills men seems to me a comparatively trifling matter ; football and fox-hunting and the London hospitals very frequently do that. The only rational objection to the duel is that it invokes a most painful and sanguinary proceeding in order to settle a question, and does not settle it. It is our belief, therefore, that the right way to avoid the incidental excesses of patriotism is the same as that in the cases of sex or war—

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it is to know something about it. Just as, according to our view, there will always be in some degree the power of sex and the use of wine, so there will always be the possibility of such a thing as patriotic war. But just as a man who has been in love will find it difficult to write a whole frantic epic about a flirtation, so all that kind of rhetoric about the Union Jack and the Anglo-Saxon blood, which has made amusing the journalism of this country for the last six years, will be merely impossible to the man who has for one moment called up before himself what would be the real sensation of hearing that a foreign army was encamped on Box Hill. The light and loose talk about national victories impresses those who think with me merely as a mark of the lack of serious passion. The average reasonable citizen, of whatever political colour, would admit that such talk shows too much patriotism. We should say that it shows too little.

— To the cosmopolitan, therefore, who professes to love humanity and hate local preference, we shall reply : ' How can you love humanity and hate anything so human ? ' If he replies that in his eyes local preference is a positive sin, is only human in the sense that wife-beating is human, we shall reply that in that case he has a code of morality

so different from ours that the very use of the word 'sin' is almost useless between us. If he says that the thing is not positive sin, but is foolish and narrow, we shall reply that this is a matter of impression, and that to us it is his atmosphere which is narrow to the point of suffocation. And we shall pray for him, hoping that some day he will break out of the little stifling cell of the cosmopolitan world, and find himself in the open fields and infinite sky of England. Lastly, if he says, as he certainly will, that it is unreasonable to draw the limit at one place rather than another, and that he does not know what is a nation and what is not, we shall say : ' By this sign you are conquered ; your weakness lies precisely in the fact that you do not know a nation when you see it. There are many kinds of love affairs, there are many kinds of song, but all ordinary people know a love affair or a song when they see it. They know that a concubinage is not necessarily a love affair, that a work in rhyme is not necessarily a song. If you do not understand vague words, go and sit among the pedants, and let the work of the world be done by people who do.' It is better occasionally to call some mountains hills, and some hills mountains, than to be in that mental state in which one thinks, because there is no fixed height for a



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mountain, that there are no mountains in the world.

### II

Tolstoyanism, then, with all its earnestness, with all its honourable lucidity, we find, from our point of view, to be a frigid and arbitrary fancy, incomparable in its moral value to that intensity which has bound living men to an actual and ancient soil. It suffers in the comparison from the profound sense that we have that the former opinion is superficial, and the latter vital ; that is to say, we have no doubt at all that an ordinary man, born in England, might profess himself a Tolstoyan and an opponent of patriotism with every mark of reason and sincerity ; we also have no doubt at all that if he saw the Russian flag run up in Trafalgar Square he would go white to the lips. But this humanitarian theory of the wrongness of the national sentiment, though important, is by no means the most powerful opponent of that sentiment to-day. Another force is in the field, which is by its nature quite equally antagonistic to patriotism, and which is, unlike the other, equipped with power, with wealth, and with a fair chance of triumph in practical politics. This second enemy of patriotism is, I need hardly say, the idea commonly called Im-

perialism. Imperialism seeks to destroy patriotism, not by sketching a remote and unattainable fusion between different peoples, but by pointing out how and where at a particular moment such fusion may be made. Imperialism is an opportunist cosmopolitanism. It says in its rational moods (for it has perfectly rational moods, and of these only is it fair to speak) : ' We do not say we would annex Spain for fun or pick a quarrel with Norway for the sake of doing so. But wherever circumstances lead us more or less naturally to the opportunity of effacing a distinction, of pulling down a flag, of destroying a nationality, we will do so. Wherever we can turn some separate kingdom or republic, with special memories and symbols, into a part of the British or Russian or German Empire, and make it accept our memories and symbols, we will do so. We believe that civilization is on our side, and we enforce it against Fins or Boers, against Poles or Irishmen. We are Imperialists ; we are not the reckless enemies of patriotism, but we are its enemies.' That is the voice of sane and educated Imperialism. I am aware that in the late confusion of political parties the cause of Imperialism was to some extent strengthened by appeals to the immortal sentiment of patriotism. But this is merely

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one of those electioneering bewilderments common in all practical politics, and especially in English politics. The patriotic feeling is used in favour of Imperialism just as the hatred of tyrants might have been used against the French Revolution, or the letter of the constitution against Pym and Hampden—that is, used quite honestly and with some reasonable significance, but without any reference to the real divisions between great ideas. It is perfectly evident when we consider the matter fundamentally that it is impossible to have an Imperial patriotism ; that is to say, it is impossible to have towards a sprawling and indeterminate collection of peoples of every variety of goodness and badness precisely that sentiment which is evoked in man, rightly or wrongly, by the contemplation of the peculiar customs of his ancestors and the peculiar land of his birth. Of course, it is quite reasonable to use as a metaphor such a phrase as having a patriotism for the Empire, just as it is permissible to use as a metaphor such a phrase as having a patriotism of humanity, or such a phrase as having fallen in love with Rouen Cathedral. But the perfectly legitimate sentiment which leads a man to support, on political grounds, a huge cosmopolitan confederation has about as much

resemblance to the passion which has made men sing of and die for a strip of land as an admiration for the architecture of Normandy has to the hunger in the heart of Romeo. I am not saying at this point in the discussion that this old and special attachment to some individual soil or blood is a correct sentiment. Perhaps the political theory which unites Jews like Disraeli or Germans like Lord Milner to a large modern civilization is a more rational sentiment than the old sentiment of patriotism. Perhaps patriotism is a brutal fancy of primitive man which it is possible for the world to outgrow. All this I shall discuss later. What I am concerned to point out at the moment is the more or less self-evident fact that this Imperial idea or plan for the consolidation and identification of an increasing number of different commonwealths cannot seriously be called patriotism according to any sense that that word has ever actually had among men. If patriotism does not mean a defined and declared preference for certain traditions or surroundings, it means nothing whatever. A thing like an empire, like the Roman Empire, which contained Greeks and Goths and ancient Britons ; a thing like the British Empire, which contains Dutchmen and Negroes and Chinamen in Hong Kong, may be a perfectly

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legitimate object of a certain kind of intellectual esteem, but it is ludicrous to call it patriotism, or invoke the ancient deities of the hearth and the river and the hill. There may be good reason for supporting Mr. Beit in South Africa, but to ask us in the name of patriotism to remember that he is of our people is about as accurate as asking us in the name of family feeling to remember that he is our great-aunt.

Across the path of Imperialism as interpreted in a patriotic sense there lies the most insurmountable of human obstacles, an impossibility which is more than a political and more than a financial impossibility—a psychological impossibility. An empire has all the characteristics that render national attachments impossible. It is huge, it is mostly remote, it is everywhere diverse and contradictory. Above all, it is utterly undefined and unlimited. Not to see how this frustrates genuine enthusiasm is not to know the alphabet of the human heart. There is one thing that is vitally essential to everything which is to be intensely enjoyed or intensely admired—limitation. Whenever we look through an archway, and are stricken into delight with the magnetic clarity and completeness of the landscape beyond, we are realizing the necessity of boundaries. Whenever we

put a picture in a frame, we are acting upon that primeval truth which is the value of small nationalities. Wherever we write or read with pleasure the story of a man living adventurously and happily upon an island, we have hold of the truth which broke the Roman Empire, and will always break Imperialism. All Imperial poetry, even the very best (as in the earlier work of Rudyard Kipling) must be psychologically false, for when a man really loves a thing, he dwells not on its largeness, but its smallness. The very psychology of patriotism is in the patriotism of Shakespeare, above all in that hackneyed and admirable passage in 'Richard II.' which is the very ecstasy of the little Englander. It is indescribably significant that Shakespeare, in glorifying his country, compares it to two things—a fortress and a jewel—

'This precious stone, set in a silver sea,  
Which serves it for the purpose of a wall,  
Or as a moat defensive to a house.'

A fort is a thing which appeals both to the boyish and the practical instinct as characterized by a certain quality which can only be called coziness. A jewel is a thing the intense value of which is enhanced by its being both rare and minute. A fortress not upon its defence, a jewel multiplied over

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the earth like the pebbles of the shore, changes the note of feeling finally and beyond recovery. Imperialism is the opening of Shakespeare's fort and the cheapening of his jewel. Shakespeare was right in this particular kind of love-poetry, as in all other kinds. While the anæmic moderns are trying to evoke passion by raving about size and space and eternity, the gigantic Elizabethan remembers in the matter of patriotism also the great psychological verity that all love-poetry tends to diminutives.

It is instructive to compare this graphic Little England patriotism of Shakespeare with the best work of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. That best work is very beautiful literature, but it is always at its truest and most beautiful when the writer is speaking of cosmopolitanism, of the sensations of the traveller in many lands. The point of John of Gaunt's utterance is that England satisfies; the point of the 'Sestina of the Tramp Royal' is that nothing satisfies, hardly even the whole globe :

'Gawd bless this world ! Whatever she 'ath done,  
Excep' when awful long I've found it good.  
So write, before I die, " 'E liked it all ! "'

That is real poetry, and sentiment too, but it is the very reverse of patriotism. It is the light and not inhumane melancholy

of the man who has paid his vows to many gods and many women. Shakespeare's patriotism has the joy and pain of a passionate lover ; Mr. Kipling's has the gaiety and sadness of a philanderer among the nations.

Spiritually, then, we hold that a healthy man does not demand cosmopolitanism, and does not demand empire. He demands something which is more or less roughly represented by Nationalism. That is to say, he demands a particular relation to some homogeneous community of manageable and imaginable size, large enough to inspire his reverence by its hold on history, small enough to inspire his affection by its hold on himself. If we were gods planning a perfect planet, if we were poets inventing a Utopia, we should divide the world into communities of this unity and moderate size. It is, therefore, not true to say of us that a cosmopolitan humanity is a far-off ideal ; it is not an ideal at all for us, but a nightmare.

And now, having this purely idealistic faith in loyalties of this scope and groups of this kind, we have to turn from pure ethics and poetry to the discussion of the earth as it is at this moment. Hitherto I have attempted to suggest that the national idea is more noble and pleasing in the abstract than either the cosmopolitan or the



Imperial idea, if, indeed, Imperialism can be imagined as anything but cosmopolitan. But now let us turn to the practical people—*convertimur in gentes*.

Now, having this belief, that communities of a size much smaller than empires are the healthy homes for men, that they are better than either a cosmopolitan anarchy or Imperialism, we look out at practical history, and discover a rather remarkable fact. We discover that the civilization which has in practical politics led the world has not only, as a fact, branched or broken into communities of this type, but has made the outline and character of them a sacred thing. Europe, which is the most practical civilization, is also the only Nationalist civilization. Imperialism is Asiatic. We see it at its very best and most intellectual in a thing like the Chinese civilization. In Europe only is there this sense of the sanctity of a nation. In other places men fight for the independence of their own tribe. In our Nationalist Europe only is there any notion of respecting the independence of another tribe. And this is, of course, the only test of the existence of a religion. It is no proof that a man holds life sacred that he wishes to save his own life ; it is some proof of it if he refrains from murdering his enemy. And this was the whole of our

objection to the annexation of the Transvaal, that it was a crime committed against the European virtue of patriotism. For a man has clearly no more right to say that his British patriotism obliges him to destroy the Boer nation than he has to say that his sense of the sanctity of marriage makes him run away with his neighbour's wife.

There is undoubtedly a general notion abroad at the present time that small nationalities are dying out. There is a general notion that empires are living or destined to a continual life, that nationalities are dead or destined to die. Such an idea as this can only have arisen from ordinary ignorance of the history of Europe. It is true that empire often looks strong and nationality often looks weak, but that is merely because all the things that are eternal always look weak. That simple discovery has been the seed of all religions.

The practical truth is that the empires have been the light and transient things, brief as the butterfly; the nations have been the hard and solid and triumphant things, which nothing could break. The largest empire is really only a fashion. But the smallest nation is something greater than a fashion—it is a custom. Imperialism is not either a glorious discovery of the English, as some Englishmen think, or a

wicked invention of the English, as other Englishmen think. It is a tiresome old European fad or fashion, coming round to us after having been tried and found wanting by nearly all the kindred nations.

It neither starts anything nor ends anything : it merely recurs, like the crinoline. But while Imperialism goes out and in, like the crinoline, nationality remains, like the habit of wearing clothes.

Spain was once a colonial empire, far more brilliant and original than ours. Its empire has vanished, but there are still men who will die for Spain ; there are still men who will strike you in the face if you say that they are not Spaniards.

France had an empire covering all Europe after the great ecstasy of the Revolution. It vanished utterly, and all its ideas are at a low ebb in Europe. But there are still men who will die for France. And when from our mortal nation also this immortal fallacy is passed, when all the colonies of England have gone the wild way of the colonies of Spain, when some strange and sudden Waterloo has made the little dream of Beaconsfield as mad as the great dream of Napoleon, something will remain, I am very certain, which matters more than all these levities. There will still be men who will die for England.

If any ordinary Englishman wishes to feel the difference between the unreality of Imperialism and the reality of Nationalism—I do not mind whether he is an Imperialist or anything else—let him try one simple test. Let him say first of all to himself such a sentence as this: 'It was largely due to the influence of England that Australia was ceded to Germany.' Such a sentence will no doubt fill him with a not illegitimate fury. He may rank it with Majuba, and call it a scandalous example of his country's weakness. But then let him say to himself this sentence: 'It was largely due to the influence of Australia that England was ceded to Germany.' He will not think that means the weakness of his country. He will think it means that he has no longer any country to be weak. He will not think that means Majuba, but Ragnarök, the twilight of the gods.

It is just because our modern Imperialists do not see the enormous abyss between the claim of the nation and the claim of the mere empire that their philosophy is so superficial and so insincere. It is no exaggeration at all to say that there is as much difference between asking an Englishman to give up his empire and asking him to give up his England as there is between asking him to alter the shape of his hat and

asking him to alter the shape of his head. The two things lie geographically very near together, and for persons with pedantic minds the frontier between hat and head may, for all I know, be the subject of elaborate negotiation.

The people who live in our large towns, and read our large newspapers—probably the most credulous people who have ever existed upon earth—have got an idea into their heads that such things as the annexation of the Transvaal are parts of a normal historic process. They believe that big European empires have always been eating up small European nations, just as whales have always been eating up herrings. This, again, is because they know no history. When we come to look at the facts, the really extraordinary thing is that the absorption of white nations should not have happened oftener. In this wild and wicked world the keenest Nationalist would expect it often to happen, and often to succeed.

As a fact, it has seldom happened: it has never succeeded. Fragments of nations have been bitten off, as in Alsace and Lorraine, and even those have not been easy to chew. Wild tribes, in a chaotic period, with no national sentiment at all in the European sense—tribes such as existed in Europe once, and exist in Asia still—

have overrun and eaten up each other ; but a nation is a thing quite different to these.

Some Christian nations have been swallowed ; not one has ever been digested. The chunks of Poland still lie heavy on the stomachs of the Central Empires ; Ireland has been a perpetual dyspeptic pain. For living nations were not meant by Nature to be our food.

In the whole circle of Christian history and the Christian world there is one instance, and one instance only, of a patriotic European people living contentedly with their Government transferred to another capital. That instance is Scotland ; and if ever there were on earth an exception that proved the rule it is here, for Scotchmen have held their heads up after absorption for precisely the same reason that Switzers hold their heads up after liberation—the fact that they were never conquered. If anyone wishes to make the case of the Transvaal a parallel to the case of Scotland, the step required is simple enough. Let Edward VII. leave his crown to President Steyn, and we will answer for the loyalty of the Dutch in South Africa.

We contend, then, that this Nationalism is, at any rate, an unbroken fact of our Europe. It is no more probable that the British Empire will outlast the patriotism

of the Dutch in Africa than it was probable that the Spanish Empire would outlast the patriotism of the Dutch in Europe. Nations are tenacious, empires are slovenly. And now we come to that other matter which is important, the question of whether empires, strong or weak, and nations, strong or weak, do good or harm. In supporting the Spanish Empire or the British Empire, are we supporting something likely to do good to mankind? For, of course, we should be quite willing in that case to side with their weakness, and their forlorn hope of resistance against the enduring tyranny of nationality.

There is one faith which many good men have in Imperialism which must not be despised, but which must respectfully be shattered. Many good men believe that a great conglomeration of peoples, like the British Empire, may be a unification of varied merits. They believe that by it may be extracted the best from the Sepoy, the Australian, the Irishman, the Dutchman, the negro, and the Cockney. All these, they say, may thus grow in one orchard, and civilization can gather the best fruit from each.

Now, this kind of empire has many beauties; it is varied, fascinating, and instructive. But it has one defect: it does

not exist. It is emphatically not true that when we conquer peoples we get the good out of them. So far from that, the reverse is rather true: when we conquer peoples we lose them for ever. Take an instance. Nothing has more profoundly interested us of late years, whether we are philosophers or children, than the study of the great mythologies. Nearly every baby is now brought up among the gods of Greece and the gods of Scandinavia. Many school-boys could pass an examination as to who was the uncle of Mercury or the second cousin of Loki. We have ransacked every cranny of Olympus and Asgard, and all this time there existed in Europe another great mythology, as vast and varied, as powerful and as perfect.

The chief mark of such a great mythology is that the mere phrases of it are enough to establish its greatness. The mere phrase 'The Son of man' is enough to prove Christianity to be a great religion if no other trace remained of the personality of Christ. The mere phrase 'The Twilight of the Gods' is enough to prove that the Norsemen were poets and philosophers also. And as clearly and certainly a whole universe of primal imagination is revealed by such a mere phrase as 'The Country of the Young.' And the mythology of which



'The Country of the Young' is an example, of which other examples are such unfathomable conceptions as the Secret Rose, or the Black Boar, who in his brutal simplicity typifies the primitive darkness of things ;—where, in what corner of Europe, in what crevice of the Caucasian mountains, has this sumptuous mythology been discovered? It has been discovered in Ireland. It has been discovered in that country of all countries which was nearest to us and most despised, which we conceived as the withered limb of our Empire. Why did we know so much about German mythology and nothing about Irish mythology? Any person with even the simplest knowledge of the world as it is must realize that the reason lies in the fact that our material conquest of Ireland put us in an utterly artificial position towards everything Irish. The Irish would not sing to us any more than the Jews, as described in their stern and splendid psalm, would sing to the Babylonians. I find it difficult to believe that there can be anyone so ignorant of practical existence as not to know that any attempt on the part of the Irish for centuries after their conquest to say to us what they had to say about their history and legends would have been met with nothing except jokes about Brian Baroo.

We all know in reality that England would never have consented to learn from Ireland. It has learnt from France because it failed to conquer her. If Edward III. or Henry V. had succeeded in adding France to the Empire, we may be absolutely certain that we should have learnt as little from the song of Roland as we have from the legend of Maive, and that we should have profited as little from the genius of Mirabeau as we did from the genius of Parnell.

Or take another instance on a somewhat different plane. For centuries all European nations, and England as much as any of them, have been running round and round the metaphysical problem of being, of pessimism and optimism, of variety and unity. And all the time there existed in India an immense and lucid philosophy which, true or false, was, in the case of many English philosophers, the very thing that they were seeking ; in the case of many of them, the very thing that they were saying. The eighteenth century was full of sad speculations and wild speculations ; but they could not entertain quite so wild a speculation as that their sad philosophy had been reduced to its clearest elements by naked brown men in the wilds of Asia. It is strange to think that when poor Robert Clive stood with the pistol in his hand, and

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asked himself the value of life and death, he might have learnt from some ragged fakir, whom he treated as dirt, a pessimism infinitely deeper and infinitely more rational than his own. Englishmen could not find it out, could not even realize that it was there. The discovery of the greatest of all philosophical schemes for the absorption of personality was left for Schopenhauer, a German. His hands were not tied with the utter helplessness of empire.

Experience, then, is wholly against the idea that by conquering a people we can reach or use the good in them. The idea that an empire absorbs the Irish qualities when it conquers the Irish, or possesses the Indian wisdom when it conquers India, is one of the thousand delusions which are characteristic of world politics. It is like the notion of the cannibals that it is possible to become brave by eating a brave man, or experts at horsemanship by eating an elegant horseman. We can no more get the secret of Chinese stoicism by annexing China than a savage could become a good actor by dining on Sir Charles Wyndham. And the reason is very evident. The relations of a subject to a ruling race are in themselves false relations, and neither can know anything valuable of the other. They are very like the relations a man bears to

his footman or his housemaid. If anybody told us that a duchess must know more of the soul of the butler than of her personal friends, because she saw the butler every day, and there was only a floor between them, we should not entertain a high opinion of that person's knowledge of the world. But it has never occurred to us that this is the reason why we have reaped profit from the French temperament, and no profit from the Irish temperament. The truth is, of course, that the friendship of nations is like the friendship of individuals. No such thing is possible unless both parties are free. National independence is as much needed if peoples are to be genuine friends as it is if they are to be genuine enemies. Often as we have heard of liberty, equality, and fraternity, we do not remember enough that the two things essential to fraternity are liberty and equality.

The English people, who are upon the whole the most generous people in the world, have this defect in their generosity—that they cannot be persuaded that there are any people in the world who do not want their commodities. In fact, the English have a peculiar and even mystical kind of generosity—a generosity which is willing to give all its goods to the poor,

but cannot be persuaded to let the poor keep the goods they have already. And consequently, when we begin to speak of self-government and independence and such matters, the typical Englishman always imagines that we mean a Parliament elected on the English system, with green benches and a Speaker wearing a wig ; and as he imagines that this is the only possible kind of self-government, he says, with perfect truth, that no nation in the world has done as much for self-government as the English. It does not, however, seem to occur to him that every Government that ever existed in the world was a representative Government, and that every despot was elected silently by universal suffrage. Where a nation has a taste for politics, as in England, its politicians represent it ; but where it has a taste rather for war, let us say, its warriors represent it ; and where it has a taste for religious meditation, its saints and hermits represent it. Even in England, for instance, where we have some love of politics, and may admit, therefore, that Mr. Chamberlain represents us, we have a much greater love of cricket, and C. B. Fry represents us much better than Mr. Chamberlain.

In the light of this principle our relation to such a problem as that of the politics of

India becomes clear. The reason why it is undesirable to extend the franchise to the Hindoos in India is not that it would raise a rebellion or create a ridiculous spectacle, but simply that representative Government in India would not be representative. And the reason that it would not be representative is simply this: that the political faculty not being an Indian faculty, the politicians who would dominate the country would be the most un-Indian Indians who could be found. No suffrage, however wide, no political machinery, however faultless, could make the spouting, ranting, Europeanized, Bengali adventurer represent India. Nothing could alter the fact that he would despise the ancient peasant-life of India, and the ancient peasant-life, with a great deal more justification, would despise him. The political faculty would, of course, be cultivated and brought, perhaps, to a high perfection by certain Hindoos, but it would remain to the eyes of India a unique and elegant and somewhat unnecessary accomplishment. The Bengali politicians would, under whatever democratic forms, inaugurate in India a rule of experts—that is to say, of stupid and fanatical oppressors. India would be about as much really democratized by such a scheme as England would be if we had a General Election every three

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years to choose the man whom the great soul of the people really believed to be the best player on the trombone.

So that this essentially generous English idea that we must provide all the parts of the earth which we can influence with our political institutions is dropped significantly, and dropped, if one may say so, with a crash at the first sight of the greatest British problem, the problem of India. Face to face with India, we are obliged to admit that what is one nation's meat is another nation's poison. And the moment we have admitted that, we have broken at a blow the whole conception of that extension of Anglo-Saxon civilization which is the essential of current Imperialism. If our political institutions would not necessarily improve or represent the Hindoo, then the whole thing is a matter of local temperament, and it is quite as possible that our political institutions never have improved or expressed the Irishman, and never will improve or express the Boer. It may be a good thing, of course, in particular cases to give our civilization to these people, but it can no longer be maintained that it is obviously a good thing to give it as it is a good thing to give a loaf to a starving man. The essential principle of Nationalism, that the institutions which are the

growth of the soil have an advantage as such, is admitted.

## III

Civilization is a good thing, but it is not a thing like the love of God, by its nature infinite. A man may have too much civilization, as he may have too much beer, and the supreme evil of civilization may be expressed in one single phrase. It consists in permitting the human achievements to outrun the human imagination. A man possesses what he can think of, and not an atom more. If a man with twelve thousand millions a month received thirteen thousand millions instead, not a farthing would really have been given to him, for he could not even imagine the difference. Similarly, if a citizen of an empire already containing numberless alien and incomprehensible peoples has added to his heritage another alien and incomprehensible people, no difference has really been made. A man is a citizen of that commonwealth the nature of which he can conceive, and of no other. If that commonwealth is only a street out of the Blackfriars Road, that street is his country, and for that he ought to wear ribbons or shed his blood.

The danger of small commonwealths is narrowness, but their advantage is reality.



Now, at any specific stage in the world's history we ought to ask ourselves whether humanity is in a greater danger from the narrow arrogance of small people, or from the phantasmal delusions of empires. That is the question which confronts the serious European of to-day, and the answer is not very difficult. It is idle to tell him that Nationalism is sometimes an evil in the confusion of a heptarchy, when the fact stares him in the face that the modern evils arise from remoteness, from unreality, from the circulation of wealth far from its producers, from the waging of wars far from the seat of action, from the wild use of statistics, from the crude use of names, from the investor and the theorist, and the absentee landlord.

We have reached in the modern world a condition of such appalling unreality that everything is done on paper. Men know the destiny of countries when they have never met a native, and professed love and hatred for men whom, if they saw them in the street, they could not tell from Poles or Portuguese. For this immense theoretic method of modern times they have invented an admirable phrase—a phrase that expresses with a searching accuracy and irony of which they are quite unconscious the nature of their political occupation. They

have called it 'painting the map red.' Like children, they are wholly concerned with the colours in an atlas. So long as they can paint the map red they are quite contented that the countries depicted there should retain until doomsday their own alien and inexhaustible colours of forest and field.

There is a decadence possible for our modern civilization, and it is just at this point that my difference from the Imperialists comes in. They think Imperialism (otherwise Cosmopolitanism) is the cure. I think that Imperialism (otherwise Cosmopolitanism) is the disease. I ignore for the moment the question of whether, in the abstract, combinations and centralizations and steamboats and Marconi wires are good things or bad. But to attempt to cure the evil of Birmingham and save the soul of Chicago by more combinations and centralizations and more steamboats and more Marconi wires seem to me stark lunacy; it is like a doctor ordering brandy to a man in delirium tremens. It is precisely from these things that we are suffering, from a loose journalism, from a vague geography, from an excitable smattering of everything, from an officious interest in everybody, from a loss of strong national types, of strong religious restraints, of the sense of

memory and the fear of God. We are not suffering from any very painful or dangerous resemblance to the arrogant and cruel zealots who ruled in Sparta or died in the fall of Jerusalem. We are suffering from a resemblance to the mob in decaying Rome.

Is there anyone to-day who can reasonably doubt that what led us into error in our recent South African politics was precisely our Imperialism, and not our Nationalism? was precisely not our ancient interest in England, but our quite modern and quite frivolous interest in everywhere else? Millions of instances might be quoted to show how utterly at sea we were and are still about the soul of South Africa. It is as well, perhaps, to concentrate them into two examples.

President Kruger and Mr. Cecil Rhodes had both great talents, great ambitions, and exciting lives; they both had many sincere sympathizers in England, and each one of them at the supreme crisis of his life did things which mystified and appalled their English supporters. No English Rhodesian could ever defend the Raid; no English Pro-Boer has ever explained the Ultimatum. The reason is that neither Rhodes nor Kruger were English politicians. We cannot understand them; probably they understood each other.

It is true that it is sometimes alleged that such things as telegraphy and journalism have really abolished distance. This is not only an error, but a horribly dangerous one. Telegraphy and journalism can indeed convey some things easily, but these are precisely the things that do not matter—the mere names, dates, and incidents. At the worst, journalism supplies us with falsehoods; at the best, only with facts. And facts, taken apart from their atmosphere, local sentiment, and place in life, are quite as false as falsehoods. We know that a man is shot by a Boer policeman; but what is the use of knowing that? What we need to know is whether the thing was typical, whether it was exceptional, whether it was planned, whether it was excused, whether it was excusable. We want to know whether it was a thing like a German duel or a thing like a Whitechapel murder. And all this we could only know by living in the community. Our newspapers could not tell it to us, even if our newspapers were honest.

Or take the instance of newspapers themselves. How can that subtle thing, the prestige of a newspaper, be felt, except at close quarters? We know that the editor of the *Canadian Tomahawk* has impeached Lord Dundonald, but what ordinary English-

man will be dishonest enough to pretend that he knows whether this means the *Times* or the *Daily Express*? We shall never know how much of a fool Mr. Chamberlain may have made of himself over the French caricatures of Queen Victoria, because we do not live in France, and feel the flavour and position of *Le Rire*. But how great a fool he may, perhaps, have made of himself we can easily imagine by supposing that the Kaiser made a speech to-morrow calling on God and his brave Brandenburg because there had been a paragraph about him in *Modern Society*.

We must at all costs get back to smaller political entities, because we must at all costs get back to reality. We must get nearer and nearer again to love and hate and mother-wit, to personal judgments and the truth in the faces of men. As it is, the game of world-politics is an enormous game of cross purposes. In the fantastic sunset of a decadence the shadows of men are far larger than themselves.

President Roosevelt is accepted in England as something much greater than he is in America. Mr. Seddon is taken much more seriously by Mr. Chamberlain than he is by New Zealand. The really bad work of Cecil Rhodes was not his influence on colonial politicians, whom he understood,

but his influence on English gentlemen, whom he could not understand.

It is characteristic of this vast bewilderment which we call world-politics that it so constantly leaves out of account the most important matters even in its own line. For instance, it perpetually tells us that the English race has a talent for colonization, and adjures it to find fresh continents and fresh islands in the seas of sunset or dawn. Yet there is one island which the English could colonize most easily, and which they are not permitted to colonize—England. In England alone, among all modern countries, the English people are imprisoned between hedges and driven along rights-of-way. England does not belong to them at all; belongs to them far less than the Transvaal before the war belonged to the Uitlanders. And it is in the main that very class whose immense and absurd estates make impossible the colonization of England which urges the English people to colonize something else, preferably something on the other side of the world. These owners very naturally desire what they call a spirited foreign and colonial policy. They desire that every lonely old theocratical State from the Transvaal to Thibet should be invaded by the English; for all these enterprises put off the dreadful day when the English shall invade England.

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But do not let us admit for a moment that in thus turning English loyalty to England we are serving merely England or ourselves. We are taking the turn which our great Christian civilization must take if it is to live. It is an old civilization, and it is for a season tired—tired of civilization, tired of cheap culture, tired of scepticism, tired of talk, tired of hearsay, tired, in a word, of Imperial politics. And it must return, as it did in the adoption of Christianity, to intensity and humility, to a devotion to particular things. About our European Imperialism let us remember primarily one thing, that it has all happened before. The end of the world happened a thousand years ago. At the end of the Roman era everything that was Roman seemed to have gone stale for ever. The world was with infinite agony made young again, because there were some tribes the Empire had never conquered, and some Scriptures that it had never read. The Empire and the continent were just saved by the failures of Imperialism. Strange religions came out of the virgin East, strange races came out of the virgin North, and became useful because they had been neglected. Such was the issue of the happy failure of Imperialism ; the human mind dares scarcely imagine its success. Who can face the

notion of a power which has destroyed everything but itself suddenly growing sick of itself? What pessimist could have pictured the great Empire, at the very instant when it had discovered Roman roads and Roman trophies to be vanity, stretching out its arms to the East and to the West, and finding nothing but its own intolerable omnipresence—finding nothing but Roman trophies and Roman roads?



# THE ENGLISH CITY

By C. F. G. MASTERMAN

## I

CHATEAUBRIAND, in his *Memoirs*, describes an incident at a banquet with the Prime Minister, when, as Ambassador to the Court of St. James, he revisited the city through which he had once wandered outcast and alone. 'Lord Liverpool himself had sad forebodings. I dined with him one day. After dinner we talked at a window overlooking the Thames. Down the river we saw a portion of the city, the bulk enlarged in the smoke and fog. I praised to my host the solidity of the English monarchy, kept in balance by the even swing of liberty and power. The venerable peer, rising and stretching out his arm, pointed to the city, and said: "What sense of solidity can there be with these enormous cities? A sudden insurrection in London, and all is lost."'

Meditating later upon all the extraordinary changes he had seen, this strange genius, so clear-sighted through all his rhetoric and

his vanity, caught some prophetic vision of the changes, still more extraordinary, which were to create in a moment of time a new earth. 'Caught between two ages, as in the conflux of two rivers,' the 'eye-witness of lapsed worlds,' he could discern a mutation far more momentous than the thunder of the revolution and all the surging shocks of war. The largest secular upheaval since the passing of mankind from nomadic to pastoral life was silently transforming the life of humanity. As if by the handiwork of some unseen wizard, men were suddenly forsaking the fields and hurrying into the narrow streets of the cities. Amorphous, agitated masses were hastily heaping themselves into coagulations of a remote and obscure existence. Chateaubriand himself was not ashamed to express his disquietude at this change. All the memories of the magical early days in the forests of Brittany rose up in protest against the unrest and noise and squalor of the life of the coming generations. 'Was there nothing in the life of old,' he protests—'nothing in that limited space upon which you looked out from your ivy-framed casement? It was happiness to think that the hills which surrounded you would not disappear before your eyes; that they contained your friendships and your loves; that the moan of the

night wind around your dwelling would be the only sound to which you would fall asleep; that never would your soul's solitude be disturbed. You knew where you were born; you knew where lay your grave.'

But 'in the life of the city all is transitory.' Civilization, all high tradition, religion itself, would be swept under in that turbulent flood. With the death of hope for the future would come an ever more insistent impatience with the irregularities of the present. Tell a man that this life is all; that there are good things in it from which he is ever to be divided; that his function is but to toil, while the function of others is to enjoy: 'as a last resource you will have to kill him.'

Time has but justified the diagnosis without lessening the menace of these sombre visions of disturbance. The transition of the people from the country to the cities is the keynote to the large changes of the present. And the spectre of a discontent bred within their dim labyrinths; of the demands of a race keenly educated for intelligence and enjoyment, rejecting all the old supernatural sanctions and promises of a coming restitution, stimulated by the desire that the short years of their allotted lives shall be something other than a joy-

less sowing for another's harvest, is the spectre which broods over all the horizons of Europe at the opening of a new century.

It is in England that this process of change has reached its furthest development. In England the cities are most monstrous, and black, and disorganized; and the aggregations which sprawl at the mouths of the rivers or amid the wastes of the manufacturing districts most effectually challenge the advocate of any life that is secure, and passionate, and serene. These aggregations are something new in the history of things, to which no former time can furnish any precedent or parallel. Far away on the dim horizons of history we can discern the little walled town, gathered round church or castle, with its high roofs and towers and swinging bells. London is in the Middle Ages a monstrous city. In Tudor times, with a population of less than a quarter of a million, the cry of alarm is raised. 'Lest London be too great to fear God and honour the King' is the echo of an age when, as King James remonstrated, 'England will shortly be London, and London England.' A century later the number of its people has swollen to half a million, and the old structure of organized city life is becoming submerged in the gathering flood of humanity. Yet there was little expectation

of the progress of the days to come. In the time of Pepys the enormous size of Bristol, then the second city in the kingdom (with a population of nearly 30,000 souls), was a source of continual wonder and admiration. Pepys himself was struck by its greatness, but, as Macaulay says, 'his standard was not high, for he noted down as a wonder the circumstance that in Bristol a man might *look around him and see nothing but houses*.'

Another century passes, and at the dawn of the nineteenth in England the population of London is not yet doubled. The city that loomed so menacing in the mist in Chateaubriand's vision contained less than a million persons. But now the unseen player has given a quick turn to the game. New forces are urging the peoples into a sudden restlessness. One hundred years later the population has multiplied itself sevenfold, and still shows no check to its impetuous increase. Houses are piled on houses high into the smoky skies ; the lines of mean dwellings and huddled streets push out over the marshes to the eastward, and climb the hill to the north and south ; and ever sounds on all the highways the tramp of innumerable footsteps as the vast host marches into the city labyrinth and is lost in its multitudinous mazes. In the

little old town by the river the ancient fortress and abbey church, with all their immemorial traditions of the old life of England, look down upon a vast and tossing sea of human habitations—such a spectacle as has never before been seen since the land rose from its encompassing seas and earth became convenient for the abodes of men.

This growth is not unaccompanied by death. While the city is developing into articulate life, the countryside is passing into decay. Time, that changes all good and evil things, is making out of the ruins of the old a newer England.

The life of old England is the life of the village. In those little scattered communities amid the fields and great forests were beaten out those national qualities of tenacity, jollity, and rude vigour which will for ever be associated with the men of 'Merrie England.' All through the twilight of the Middle Age, and even after the desolations of the great pillage, we can discern these gatherings of Christian folk, leading their laborious life, with the old songs, and the old pieties, and the old constant endurance under rainy skies. From the village more than a century ago came those swarms of workmen whose eager energy gave England the long unchal-

lenged supremacy of the Industrial Revolution. In the village was bred the dogged determination which fought Europe in arms, and crowned this little island in its cold northern seas with imperishable memories, Albuera, Trafalgar. And it was village England which sent out that great exodus of wanderers who departed, courageous, to build up new nations beyond the ocean, and scatter her children around the seven seas.

In the lifetime of one generation, in that Victorian age which even now we are beginning to see as one of the most astonishing periods in the world's history, the change was effectually accomplished. Here figures—the mere bald statistic of census returns—speak louder than any impassioned rhetoric. The old England which acclaimed its young Queen nearly seventy years ago has passed away for ever. London of nearly 2,000,000, England and Wales of 16,000,000, scattered in villages and small towns, still for the most part agricultural—such was the England of 1840. To-day 'London' is 6,500,000, the towns number 25,000,000, the country 7,500,000, much of which is, strictly speaking, urban also. England to-day, that is to say, is 77 per cent. urban against 23 per cent. rural; and the greater part of this 'urban' is heaped up into gigantic aggrega-

tions of population, of which London is the crown.

The comparisons of the census figures of 1891 and 1901 show this process ever hurrying forward with unchecked rapidity—the great towns leaping forward into numbers which defy interpretation, the village life of England in long-drawn-out, peaceful progress towards extinction. The process is indeed partly concealed by the classification as ‘rural’ of everything extra-urban. And so the total figures of some rural districts show no decrease; and ingenious statisticians have endeavoured to demonstrate that the decline in the country is not absolute but relative, that the change has merely been to heap the *increase* of population into the towns. Detailed examination of the figures disproves these assertions.

In the long list of actual declines of population in the rural districts the unanimity is occasionally broken by a sudden leap upwards. But in practically every case this is due to special causes, to proximity to large towns, to mining districts, to the development of watering-places and health resorts. Remove these, as in fairness they must be removed from estimation of the old country life of England, and the record is but a list of increasing diminution of population—figures more eloquent than words.



Thus in the list we find the Croydon 'rural' district with an increase of 9,000, the Dartford with an increase of 6,000, Chesterfield with an advance of 10,000, or the Isle of Thanet with 2,000. All these and similar cases must be deducted from the estimation of rural England. Here is the real material of the old life, the figures for such a county as Suffolk. The Ipswich sub-district increased 10,000, the Woodbridge 2,000, the Lowestoft 8,300. The remainder is rural Suffolk :

Blything	+	183	Stow	-	765
Risbridge	-	1,258	Hartismere	-	1,178
Sudbury	-	2,560	Hoxne	-	1,241
Cosford	-	730	Bosmere	-	823
Thingoe	-	1,215	Samford	+	296
Bury	-	375	Plomesgate	-	1,036
Mildenhall	-	298	Wangford	-	413

And this in ten years ! A similar record could be compiled in any rural district from Norfolk to Devon or Cheshire to Kent. 'Rural England,' it has been said, 'is bleeding at the arteries, and it is the best blood that is flowing away.'

✓ What is the meaning ? It means, on the one hand, that the great towns are drinking up the best life of the country—the energetic, the ambitious, the enterprising pouring into the whirlpool and disappearing in its tremendous turmoil. It means also that the process cannot indefinitely continue. If the

villages were stationary in number one might regard with equanimity or satisfaction the breeding of a population steadily invigorating the broken, congested crowds of the city. But the villages are not stationary : they actively decline not only relatively to the town, but in absolute numbers.

The time is coming when these aggregations will seek the renewal of the country life, and seek it in vain—when the city will, as it were, be compelled to turn in upon itself and find from its own city-bred children the energetic impulses which hitherto it has sucked up from all the fertile fields. With a deserted land studded with a few country houses and shooting centres, each supporting a semi-parasitic population ; villages of old men and women, the lame, the tired, the mentally vacant ; the fields, as now in parts of Essex, passing back 'to the condition of waste and veldt,' where 'the down of the thistles in the month of August may be seen blowing all over the country like a snowstorm' ; and the English people collected in great lumps and blotches of population, with glare and noise and heated, crowded life, can we anticipate anything but a profound and fundamental upheaval in all the characteristics which we have hitherto associated with the old life of the island race ?

The peasant in the field, bent over his labour in the noontide sunshine, returning to rest and welcome sleep after the long toil of the day ;—here is the unchanging picture which is the background of all history. He is there at the dim dawn when the Briton fought the Saxon invader, before Augustine brought into England a faith which was to overthrow all the older gods. Seedtime and harvest have passed over him, the gathering warmth, the gathering cold ; and want and pestilence, and dark days and bright, war at home and war beyond the sea, the changing thought and the changing customs of men through all the years and the centuries. The noise and hurry and dust have hidden him for a time from sight ; but immediately the cloud has passed he has been revealed again, with bowed head, laborious, in the sweat of his brow eating bread. Suddenly, in these latter days, he has raised himself from the ground, arrested by some compelling appeal. He is seen there, standing for an instant, listening to the voice which has called him from beyond the boundaries of his world. A moment later he is gone : and the place which has seen his toil for centuries henceforward will know him no more. The plough stands idle in the furrow. A silence falls upon the deserted fields. In the

village inn a few old men, whose number each cold wind diminishes, gather in silence round the time-worn table, dimly wondering what these things may mean. They know not that the Seven Sleepers in their eastern cavern have again stirred uneasily in their slumber : that the world of which they were a part has vanished, a world in which they have no place or portion has been born.

Whither do they go, these wanderers from the homes of their fathers ? The census of birthplaces tells the tale. Here is the 'Great Wen,' with the 'frantic arithmetic of its unthinkable population' sucking in the people as the furnace blast the straws of the floor. Within the administrative area of London we find numbers from different counties which would make great townships : 320,000 from the South-Eastern Counties, 220,000 from the South Midland, nearly 200,000 from the Eastern, 150,000 from remote Devonshire and Cornwall. Scotland contributes 50,000, Ireland 10,000 more ; 34,000 are from little Wales, 150,000 aliens from beyond the sea. So the heart of the Empire levies its tribute—a tribute of the picked life of man and maiden—from all the lands subject to its sway.

The population of 'London' shows an in-

crease in ten years of but 308,000. But this merely attests the existence of a boundary which has become artificial. Instead of, as formerly, embracing the whole town and the open fields, this boundary now runs through homogeneous districts, and divides one side of a street from the other. London, like a swelled pudding, has swollen and splashed beyond its envelope—into Essex and Kent and Hertfordshire and Surrey. In these outside regions, in which some marsh or vacant field has suddenly leapt into a stratification of houses and an active and busy township, resides the real insistent problem of the future. London, indeed, presents many of the phenomena of the Concentration Camp. Order can be created out of chaos—is laboriously created out of chaos—till a sudden influx of new immigrants breaks down the organization under the strain.

In the ten years, within the county Streatham and Tooting have grown from 49,000 to 88,000, Woolwich from 107,000 to 131,000; but outside the increase becomes almost incredible. Hornsey has sprung from 44,000 to 71,000, Leyton from 63,000 to 98,000, Walthamstow from 46,000 to 95,000, Willesden from 61,000 to 114,000, East Ham (whoever has ever

visited East Ham ?)—most astonishing—*from 32,000 to 96,000 in ten years.* It is as the growth of cities in the Far West of America : the town springs up as in a night. These are the populations every obscure individual of which has a life to live, to himself momentous, infinite.

Sidelights are flashed by the bulky census tables upon some features of this new obscure city life. The influx is, as in the historic example of the river, a continued natural process of segregation ; the débris from the distant hills, as the current becomes slower and more sluggish, being deposited in successive layers of separation. In the great marshes of the east a gigantic city of toilers spreads fan-like forward as it eats up the fields ; along the hills of the south gather a succession of townships of clerks and villa-dwellers ; in the west and north-west wealth and leisure still remains unconquered. The servant statistics tell the tale. In the Borough of Shoreditch  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. of the families keep servants, in Kensington 80 per cent., in Hampstead 81 per cent., in Bermondsey  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Or a similar result is revealed by the tenement figures : 80 per cent. of dwellings of less than five rooms in Stepney, 85 in Shoreditch, contrasted with 42 in Wandsworth or 31 in Lewisham. A variation in death

rate from 18 to 34 per thousand reveals the toll of years exacted by the city : the city which presents a gaunt problem of its future to all sanguine minds as it extends its borders—'an awful place,' 'full of life, and full of death.'

So in dark days and bright, while men work and while men sleep, the new problem, the problem of the city race, rises into dim outline. What form of new existence is being bred in this vast wilderness ? In the midst is the noise of labour and the play of children ; there are suggestions of physical deterioration, of stunted growth, and failing forces of resistance to disease and decay ; there are occasional warnings of a new danger, of a race which prowls at night along the lamp-lit streets, of the hordes of wanderers which ever move up and down along all the city ways. Around its borders are studded the gigantic buildings, palaces or prisons, which witness to its efforts to grapple with the problems of maimed and distorted life—witness both to its energy and to its failure. The broken, the rebellious, the lunatic, the deserted children, the deserted old, are cooped up behind high gates and polished walls ; and still the number increases as the net sweeps through the streets and drags out its cap-

tives. Beyond the borders also are all the gigantic graveyards, where now lie so quietly under the long grasses the armies of the forgotten dead ; mourned for a moment, and then huddled very speedily away from the active life of the living ; that no longer than may be, by their meekness and their silence, shall these be questioning the profit of all this hot striving after transitory things.

How far—how stupendously far—has man thus passed from that old life which Chateaubriand pictured ! ‘ You knew where you were born ; you knew where lay your grave.’ The little red-roofed houses crept round the village church, which proclaimed a judgment of all passing things ; and round it also, the dead near to the living, was the abode of those resting now through all the centuries, whose blood still beat ardent in the men of a day. Here in the vanished years, as each generation flowered and faded, were performed the central symbols of human life as, unhurried, it passed from one to another eternity. Here the child received its name and admission into a fellowship stretching beyond the boundaries of its world. Here, later, with extravagance of rejoicing, man was married to maiden ; here, at the evening, with extravagance of sorrow, both were laid in sleep.



Over all brooded the petition for the prayer of the passing stranger ; that the place of those whose hearts once beat so high with passionate desire, should at the last be found in peace.

## II

The relation of politics to civilization in its wider aspect is a subject of discussion which at such periods of change as the present becomes deliberately insistent. How far, if at all, and if at all, how desirably, can the expression of human hopes and ideals be embodied in legislation ? To what extent is it possible to stimulate or discourage those large impersonal forces, economic, social, spiritual, which hurry mankind from one condition of order to another, through all the painful intermediate processes of development and decay ? Is all effort vain which essays by wise communal action to mitigate the attendant confusion and pain by which such processes are accompanied ? Nay, more, is it foolish to imagine that the whole process itself may be estimated and controlled, directed towards ends far removed from the natural consummation of its courses ? Is man, no less in the creation of the days to come

than within the limits of his single transitory life, 'the master of his fate' ?\*

In England progress and civilization seem to have advanced along divergent roads. The old order has perished, the new has scarcely blossomed into active and intelligible life. Under an appearance of tranquillity men discern elements of waste and disorder, pregnant with profound disquietude. With some impatience the demand is becoming vocal for the concern of legislation, and a rational control in the making of the new England from the ruins of the old. To some observers the change excites only a lament over a past that is for ever gone. They mourn the vanishing of a vigorous, jolly life, the songs of the village alehouse, existence encompassed by natural things and the memories of the dead—the secure and confident life of 'Merrie England.' To others, again, the change is one charged with a menace to the future. They dread the fermenting, in the populous cities, of some new, all-powerful explosive, destined one day to shatter into ruin all their desirable social order. In these massed millions of an obscure life, but dimly understood and ever increasing

\* The later portion of this essay has already appeared in the *Independent Review*, and is now reprinted by kind permission of the Editorial Council.

in magnitude, they behold a danger to security and all pleasant things. Like the poet when he shivered in the Roman sunlight at a breath from the cold north, from beyond the confines of a world, they apprehend forces destined to consummate the end of an Age. The cry goes up, as foretold by Mazzini: 'The Barbarians are at our gates.' To others the problem is one of race and efficiency. They see England ruling the Empire, the cities ruling England. Upon the life developing in the twilight world of the cities is dependent that empire's prosperity or decline. They become concerned with statistics of birth-rate, infant mortality, physical degeneration; they call for the breeding of an Imperial race. To others, again, and in particular to those familiar with the effects of disorder, poverty, and pain upon individual lives, the problem takes upon itself a more human aspect. From their own experience amongst their friends, they translate the statistics into terms of human wretchedness, privation, and desire. They are resentful of acquiescence in the passing of so many lives in gray shadow, in the failure, in the case of the many, of the attainment of anything worthy of being termed a civilization. They are often passionate against preventable suffering, the

clumsiness of the destruction of human possibilities, the use of so many lives each as a means and never as an end. They question the justice of a social order which condemns common humanity to a region of random endeavour ; which accepts the destruction of so much 'by-product,' when that 'by-product' is the endowment and natural happiness of so many men and women and children ; which proclaims, as the best that it can make of its working peoples, the restless, uninspired toil of England's great cities, as the finest flower of its civilization the tenement dwelling, the workhouse, the gaol. And they plead, sometimes in harsh accents, always with a great longing, for the interest and attention of all classes in the community—for legislation once again to concern itself with the forgotten art of the common welfare, to hasten the coming of the newer day.

And although the end is not yet, and the ultimate social changes will be such as no man can foresee, there are certain modest and direct measures of reform which could be pushed through, even in the lifetime of a Parliament. Social reconstruction cannot consider one-half of the problem without the other. The solution of the haunting problems of the city may yet be found in the vanishing life of the fields.

All efforts at remedy in this life must recognise that the old agricultural system of England, with its tripartite division of profits to landlord, farmer, and labourer, its docile serf population of ill-paid toilers, is gone for ever. The peasant refuses to stay with the status and wages of a day labourer while the city calls to his ambitions and his dreams. Many of the suggested remedies of 'agricultural depression' are futile, because they fail to recognise this bed-rock fact. Of such is Protection, designed to give increased rent to the landlord, profit to the farmer, higher wages to the labourer. But such wages, even if obtainable, would in no way counteract, in the young and energetic, the glamour of the town. The kernel of the situation is not that agriculture does not pay—it still pays well enough in places—but that the labourer will not stay on the fields. All that is self-reliant and active immediately forsakes the village for the town. Work is being carried on, in some half-hearted fashion, by the old men and children ; on the passing of the present generation there will be none to fill their places. All the adventitious attractions desperately designed to bolster up the present system would merely result in a prolongation of the agony. Provision of labourers' cottages could not pay with the

present rate of wages ; if provided at the expense of the local authority, they would be but grants-in-aid of the local farmers, advanced from the rates. Allotments at which the agricultural labourer can work before or after his already sufficient toil are but the expedient of the doctrinaire ; village libraries, changes in the education of rural schools, amusements, lectures, nigger entertainments, the suggestions of despair. Unless the deep-rooted and fundamental nature of the disease be estimated, no adequate remedy can be devised.

Only two large possibilities remain as alternatives to the passing of the land into twitch and thistle, and the coming of a vast silence upon the deserted fields. The one is the system of the 'model' village. Wealth made in the town or beyond the sea is poured into the countryside ; a new cosmopolitan aristocracy effects an imitation or caricature of the old feudal life ; lavish expenditure creates a parasitic class of gamekeepers, lodgekeepers, gardeners, well-fed and deferential peasants, designed to increase the picturesqueness of the landscape. The wild animal of La Bruyère's vision, black, livid, all burnt by the sun, has become the sleek, well-fed ox, ruminating, with patient eyes. The other, to which that little company who believe first in freedom will turn

with eagerness, is the attempt to counteract the magnetism of the town by the magic of ownership. The creation of some form of yeoman or peasant proprietorship, with the right to all improvements and the whole produce of labour, appears, by experiment in England and experience in all Western Europe, the sole method of preserving an agricultural people. In France such a population forms the backbone of the nation, with a life narrow, laborious, thrifty, incredibly austere; but a life of free men, with that love of the country and its very soil never found in the 'patriotism' of the cities—the random and pitiful patriotism of a landless people. In Denmark direct proprietorship has preserved a peasant race, prosperous and secure, strong in a consciousness of national well-being. In Ireland it has come as a great hope to a nation which, after a history of unparalleled tragedy, seemed to be vanishing from its own land. Peasant ownership is to stay the plague of the American emigration. The great cities of England are England's America; and the similar plague here demands a similar remedy. The small experiments hitherto undertaken by private enterprise in many diverse parts of the country have demonstrated the possibilities of a larger success. There is a real demand for such holdings

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direct  
ownership

when obtainable, strong promises of economic success ; and all the developments of technical education, agricultural experiment, revived village industry, and co-operation have been proved congruous and acceptable when once hope has been awakened and freedom secured. It is a hard, exacting life—experiment will demonstrate many a failure—but, where successful, it will create a race fundamentally different from the shiftless, hopeless, dulled peasant, who is the forlorn product of the system now crumbling away.

Small tenancies, or peasant proprietorships alone, are indeed no permanent solution of the problem of agriculture. Where such a system is resisting that co-operation and communal direction, which alone is adequate to modern conditions, it is everywhere sinking into abyss. But the first condition of the new agriculture, which is replacing the old wasteful system, is free access to the land and security of tenure. Once this established desire for betterment, and the forces of change make directly for union, and in that union for a future development of communal activity whose end no man can foresee. The point of any programme, however, is to emphasize the preliminary work of multiplying the number of independent workers on the land, the times showing that the day-



labourer is so determined to depart that, whatever else may be possible, at least the old system cannot long survive.

Undoubtedly Parliament, if seriously in earnest in the matter, could do much to place this class of independent cultivators on the soil. A universal land-tax might both assist in the breaking-up of the large estates, and also provide funds for the purchase and equipment of land suitable for small holdings. The Small Holdings Act gave the County Councils certain imperfect powers of action in this direction. But the provisions contained no compulsory clauses. The farmers and landlords who make up those bodies were not inclined to forward a policy calculated further to diminish a labour supply they already found inadequate. The Act has remained practically unused. Either compulsory clauses must be introduced, or, better, the work of repatriation must be entrusted to a definite Commission working under the Board of Agriculture, in close co-operation with District and Parish Councils. With funds placed at its disposal, the work would proceed on the main lines of methods already familiar in Ireland—the purchase of estates, the division into suitable holdings, the provision of buildings and funds for the first operations of the occupants, and the selling

of the holdings outright, or with a certain permanent public charge, by a system of terminable annuities, paid as rent for a number of years. It is true, indeed, that neither the unemployed in the cities nor the normal country labourer would be able directly to benefit by such a change. But undoubtedly by some such policy it would be possible to fix upon the soil a 'yeoman' class of free men, rearing children under healthful conditions, able to supply the cities and colonies with their perpetual demand for energetic life. The hope of the creation, through these means, of a virile country stock, born of the earth and the open fields, is a future hope of the countryside of England, far different from that decay and sullen waiting for the end which now broods over all the pleasant landscape, and fills the observer with a sense of desolation and despair.\*

\* The above desultory statement, as all those succeeding, is advanced, I need hardly explain, as suggestion rather than argument. Those interested may be recommended a fuller study in the Report of the recent Royal Commission on Agriculture, admirably summarized by Mr. F. A. Channing, and in Mr. Rider Haggard's most fascinating investigation in 'Rural England.' Mr. Martin's 'Ruin of Rural England' is a rugged and apocalyptic indictment of present indifference. Detailed accounts of experiments in small holdings at Bewdley and Far Forest

Of all the ills from which the city race is suffering, the imperfect supply of houses for the increasing population, and the overcrowding which is its consequence, are, perhaps, the most menacing. For the pressure on the home, the specific diseases, and the more general and far-reaching roughness and squalor, are striking at the root of all that is humane and gentle in family life. The torrent of humanity has been swept into sudden whirlpools; the great towns have developed in confusion; they are spreading daily, not as organized wholes, but as mere meaningless congestions, without unity or plan. There are actually too few decent houses for the inhabitants; monopoly and competition drive up rents, and give a fictitious value to insanitary and undesirable dwellings. Within, the family is cramped and confined, packed, in unhealthy proximity, in layers of humanity in blocks and tenements; outside stretch the visible horrors of expanding London, with provision of open spaces entirely dependent on the spasmodic energy of the philanthropist or the whim of the millionaire. It would be impossible to overestimate the general

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and elsewhere, and of the regeneration of Denmark, have been published by the English Land Colonization Society and the Christian Social Union.

lowering effects on body, mind, and spirit of residence pent up in those labyrinths of mean streets which form the abodes of the coming race.

In a gray desolation of a relentless meanness, in cities around which annually other cities are plastered as if effectively to bar egress in the heavy windless air, with sight of occasional changing sky alone representing the world of out of doors, the children of England, numbered by the hundred thousand, are growing to maturity. To these must presently come the demand of large horizons and the things of the spirit ; in the future, the huge burden of Empire, with control of ancient and immemorial civilizations scattered over a variegated world.

No man should ever be surprised at the follies of man ; little but calamity and earthquake can ever penetrate minds deadened in custom and routine. But a visitor from some region beyond the fixed stars might be moved to amazement in contemplation of these ruins of human aspiration, when he learnt that rarely, if ever, did their condition come before the discussion of the Legislature ; that few protested their danger, and these only to deaf ears ; that, in general, those with power to move the public mind and influence change appeared

entirely satisfied with the life developing in those strange subterranean worlds, the wildernesses of the great cities of England.

Immediate remedies could indeed be suggested, were the gravity of the situation once apprehended and immediate remedies desired. The drastic treatment of owners of 'slum' property ; the clearance of the home from the 'house tax,' which, in the form of the local rate, practically vetoes any general improvement ; the encouragement of building by the municipality, especially for the poorest, to increase the actual available houses ; the hastening of the development of all transit facilities ; the stimulating of the development of outlying suburbs through judicious taxation of unoccupied land, accompanied by the granting of large powers to the municipality to control development, similar to those possessed by many of the cities of Germany—these all put in force simultaneously, and regardless of the complaints of vested interests, would effect substantial change. The first needs no explanation : the evil is glaring. After the attainment of a certain stage of decay, under the present law the owner of any slum area finds it actually remunerative to encourage the process, in order that, by the very rankness of its squalor, he may compel the municipality to purchase his property,

and clear it altogether from the earth. The second demands the shifting of the standard of assessment from the building to the site value—a change which would increase the rate at the centre and diminish it at the outskirts of the city, thus directly forwarding that scattering process which is a necessity for restoration to healthful conditions. The third is hampered by the suspicion and grudging concessions of the Central Authority. Better transit, again, is continually being checked, especially in London, by a Parliamentary majority, ignorant alike of the needs and desires of the people. Steamboats on the river, municipal omnibuses, the linking of northern and southern tramways, are dismissed amid contemptuous laughter. The rating of vacant land at its selling value would immediately hasten suburban development, and help to break that ring which is cramping the city peoples into a tightening congestion. While the substitution of order for chaos in the development of the town would preserve the coming generations from increase of the burden which the past has laid upon the present ; would insure breathing-spaces, open parks all round the city, great avenues of communication and pure air from the fields beyond ; fostering the development of a

city not entirely grievous in the sight of the years to come, when Fulham, or Lewisham, or Canning Town will stand as a warning and perpetual judgment of a civilization 'that thus could build.'

Following the outward provision of the home comes consideration of the developing life within—of all that is meant by the 'education' of the child who is heir to all the progress of the past. Here the immediate necessities of change are, for the most part, beyond the boundaries of legislation. Mr. H. G. Wells, in 'Mankind in the Making,' that most stimulating and suggestive of all recent essays in social reconstruction, has assailed, with humour and some violence, the methods of present training ; by which the growing child of all classes is infected with our shabby compromises, and driven from liberal and gentle ways into imitation of the average man and woman of the day. Here I would but emphasize the folly of a system of 'national' education which, after expending unparalleled sums upon an elementary training for its children, acquiesces with apparent cheerfulness in the entire destruction of its handiwork as those children grow to maturity. The child passes from school at fourteen or earlier to long hours of toil ; and, month by month,

the laborious lessons of schooldays are rent off like a garment.

Before the freedom of the factory and the devastating influences of the street the knowledge, manners, discipline, religious and moral ideals crumple up and disappear. The 'clean and beautiful children,' with such possibilities of refined and considerate life, in a few years, and as by a turn of the kaleidoscope, become transformed into the vacant, ineffectual crowds of the abyss.

The immediate methods of escape from this elemental tragedy are not easily demonstrated. The demand for child labour, the higher standard of comfort which its payment brings to the home, the readiness of the children themselves to enter life, and the air of amused contempt with which any education other than purely technical and remunerative is regarded by the people of this country, render impotent those few who call for reform. The children are generally eager to be liberated from the restraints of school, and proud of the money they contribute to the household. Though the hours are appallingly long, in London often from eight to eight, with a long journey to and from work, the work itself is not generally felt as onerous. But the work, often mechanical, and entirely indifferent to the future needs of the child, is prohibitive of



all outside culture and development ; at the age of adolescence it presses terribly upon the growing bodies, especially of the girls, who are to be the mothers of the coming generations. Without any doubt at all this premature toil is responsible, perhaps more than any other cause, for that general tiredness and lassitude so characteristic of the city populations—a lassitude only the more manifest through its reactions in the craving for strong excitements and occasional waves of a feverish and unnatural energy.

The accepted verdict condemns the parents of the children for acquiescence in apprenticeship to such slavery. Much of the adolescent labour, more of the child labour, which is still more deplorable—the filling up of the interstices of school hours with drudgery for a meagre pittance—might, indeed, seem preventable. But those familiar with the life of the poor in the cities will be inclined to resent this general accusation. Mr. Bernard Shaw, so entirely right upon all humane and vital issues, has denounced this cant with a refreshing plainness. 'It is difficult,' he says, 'for the readers of, say, the *Spectator* and the *Times* to form any conception of the magnitude of a promotion from eighteen shillings a week to twenty-four or from twenty-four

to thirty. . . . The truth is, that if five shillings a week made as much difference to a duke as it does to many labourers, he would send his son out into the streets to earn it at ten years old, if the law allowed him.'

Some complete prohibition of the employment of children of school age, and sharp limitation of the hours of employment for the immediately succeeding years, combined with a gradual levelling up of the age of full attendance and the extension of the system of compulsion to the evening schools, seem the only possible remedies. At present the evening schools languish, largely owing to the long hours of toil. I have myself persuaded many children to start attendance at the evening classes of the London Board ; but in almost every case, the classes, after a time, have been abandoned. The long hours, the confined atmosphere, the repressed energies, demand something different, in the few minutes of leisure, from intellectual effort. The same experience is testified by the clubs for boys and girls, which have been so prominent a feature of modern philanthropy ; classes almost invariably prove a failure, and are replaced by bagatelle and billiards, gymnastics and dancing. The limitation of child labour under sixteen to an eight or even a six

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hours' day would prove no material hardship; though resented by the employers, especially those who are replacing men's work with the cheaper labour of women and children, it would be supported by the trade unions and leaders of the working classes—it would be pregnant with beneficial results in the future. What man or woman over thirty—so rings Mr. Wells' challenge—dare hope for 'the deliverance of all our blood and speech from those fouler things than chattel slavery, child and adolescent labour'? All intimate with the life of the poor will welcome his call to the youth of the country to inscribe such a deliverance upon the foremost of the banners of their crusade.

Beyond the home and the children come the questions of labour and the work of man. In the subject of unemployment in its wider aspects we touch the heart of social discontent. Casual or poorly-paid labour for the worst, insecurity for the best, a rapidly diminishing labour value as age approaches—these are the particular features of the industrial world which have developed under the new mechanical system. A famine in Nepal, an earthquake in Peru, the activities of a Chicago speculator, may suddenly sweep out of regular employment

masses of English labourers, some at least to be driven down into irrevocable ruin. The workman, seeking work, and seeking it in vain, is one of the permanent and tragic figures of the twentieth-century city. 'The hell of unemployment,' with all its laceration and moral destruction; the days spent in tramping the streets seeking work; the fierce or fawning competition for mean positions amid crowds of similar unfortunates; the disappearance of savings, then of the home; the tightening grasp of want; the cruelties of a gusty benevolence; the final eviction, and economic collapse and disappearance of the family fallen and trampled under—is it wonderful that any plausible statesman who promises relief from this nightmare should be listened to with an eager attention? or that a certain impatience should be exhibited with those who, as an alternative, can but preach patience and an 'unparalleled commercial prosperity'? The present methods of mitigating the effects of these obscure changes in the labour market are altogether crude and clumsy. 'Charity' is liberal, but random and ill-regulated, probably productive of far more harm than good. Anyone who has followed the operations of a 'Relief Committee' will be able to testify to the revelations of the degradation of

character under the influence of privation and a great fear ; the proud and independent applicants of the commencement deliquescing into the hungry, greedy, voluble crowd of the close. And the present Poor Law, with its workless 'workhouses,' its sting of insult, its haphazard and ill-directed activities of outdoor relief—a system founded in haste in a community mainly rural, and to save the nation from imminent danger—is a manifestation of communal activity of which those citizens who contribute to its wasteful expenditure have little reason to be proud.

The tragedy of unemployment deepens in the case of those men who are visibly aging, passing prematurely into that condition when society has neither use nor regard for their services. The development of the modern city life, in its feverish thirst for gain, sucks up the activities of the young ; work can always be found for the children. But the man of forty has already become suspect ; at fifty there is evidently stretching before him the bleak old age of the unwanted poor. The despairing clutch of the aging at any degrading occupation, which before they would have scorned, is one of the commonest and pitifulest sights of modern life. I think of those whom I have known—those who dye their hair to

keep the appearance of youth ; the applicants for positions, their efforts towards respectability, the ink-lined coat, the shabbiness concealed—the attempt, always so grotesque and ineffective, to strike the right note between a dignity that will command respect and an eagerness that will become a mere mendicant pleading for aid. I remember one, with a record of over thirty years' consistent service, exhibiting hands twisted and gnarled with disease, who shuffles daily through his work with the help of kindly comrades, fearing each day to be detected ; though the work itself is an agony, the one panic fear is, not that he shall be compelled, but that he shall be forbidden to continue. I think of others tucked away out of sight in the recesses of tenement dwellings, flung aside from the active machinery of the world, who 'cannot quite bring themselves' to join the Unemployed processions or solicit a promiscuous charity of the crowd ; who cling to the desperate hope that one day the cloud will lighten, the miracle happen that someone will be found desiring their services. This is in no austere and frugal community, with difficulty supporting its children, but amid wealth pouring into its borders beyond the dreams of avarice, and such luxury and vain display as can only be paralleled in the later days of Rome.

The customary cant, of inevitable failure or an act of Providence, should not for a moment be tolerated in face of such abundance of resource and wasteful prodigality as is making England the envy and the wonder of the nations of the world.

The unemployed, the unemployable, the old—these are the problems which immediately will confront that Minister of Labour whose appointment should be one of the first acts of the coming Liberal Government. For, dealing with the first two, I have seen no more satisfactory suggestions than those put forth by Canon Barnett (who, if any one, has a right to speak), and incorporated in the Report upon unemployment presented to the London County Council by the Committee of the Conference called last year to consider the subject.\* With the experience already gained abroad, and from ✓ experiment at home—by the double system of labour colonies for those who desire work in temporary unemployment, acceptable by free men, carrying none of the degradations of charity and State relief, and of penal colonies for those who do not desire work, as humane as may be, but deliberately designed for the elimination of

\* See all through that Report, published in the spring of 1903 (King and Co.), for a wise and sober treatment of the whole subject.

the 'loafer' and the 'cadger'—it might be possible greatly to diminish, if not entirely to remove, the injury and wretchedness erected by the present chaos.

And for the old we can but press, in and out of season, for the forwarding of that national system of universal old age pensions with which Mr. Charles Booth's name will always be honourably associated. A definite establishment of the principle would itself be almost sufficient, with the construction of the machinery for its administration. If the age-limit of sixty or sixty-five proves at present impracticable, let it be initiated at seventy-five or seventy. For we would be prepared indeed to welcome any advance, however small, towards a civilization, though always protesting ourselves dissatisfied until that civilization be attained. 26

Beyond the specific case of unemployment there is the larger problem of the growth of a whole class of men, women, and children living 'in poverty,' into which every spell of unemployment flings fresh victims. It is a forlorn, parasitic class, supporting a low-grade life largely at the expense of those who still live, self-reliant, in the daylight. Disorganized, unskilled labour, the casually employed, widows working with their children in their homes,



the partially maimed, the ineffective, the tired, together form a kind of monstrous fungus, spreading round the roots of the modern city civilization—a class which the community has neither the humanity to kill outright, nor the alertness and courage to raise to some intelligible conditions of being. A vigorous and, at times, passionate controversy has been waged by two competent social investigators whether, as a matter of fact, the family income of any considerable proportion of these forlorn and forgotten poor is sunk below some fanciful ‘line of poverty,’ representing a minimum of mere physical sufficiency. To the social reformer the question will appear entirely academic. He knows the main facts beyond hope of challenge. He is conscious always of an existence around him in which life has become degraded far below the level of savage and primitive man. He sees a whole community dwelling in a dim twilight land, cut off from sunshine and the world which has a meaning, scourged by specific diseases and vices, bound up in a circle of privation—anæmic and sickly children, premature toil, premature child-bearing, years of humiliation, dishonourable age. He recognises the injury inflicted by this class, especially on those just above it—the decent workers who largely bear the

burden of its continuance. 'The poverty of the poor,' Mr. Charles Booth asserts, 'is mainly the result of the competition of the very poor.' He apprehends something which casts a kind of black smudge over the boasted progress of the nineteenth century, and causes all its complacent songs of triumph suddenly to appear a little vulgar, a little shrill.

The problem of the residuum—of the draining of the abyss—must sooner or later be faced by the community as a whole, acting through its appointed rulers. It must be assailed from many sides, and by experiment which will often prove a failure and excite the ready scorn of the wise. Something (though, as Mr. Rowntree has shown, not much) will be done by the decent support of old age; more by rational education of the children; still more by the cutting away of the sources of supply in the treatment of unemployment and the loafer. Better houses, fresh air, the spreading of the town into something approaching the garden cities of our dreams, will help to break up the congestions which at present are creating impenetrable lumps of poverty. England is splitting into cities of labour and cities of pleasure; the poor are collected into stagnant pools amid the labour communities; and the householders here find

the burden laid upon their homes in the form of an ever increasing poor-rate becoming almost intolerable. In London, at least, that method has become a glaring scandal, by which the rich municipalities 'dump' their poor upon lands beyond the river, or into the obscure regions to the eastward of the city, and cheerfully repudiate all subsequent responsibility. Equalization of rates carries with it an elemental principle of justice. Beyond this, there should be resolute attempts to eliminate 'sweating,' and a regulation and restriction of home industries, frankly undeterred by the spectre of the 'poor widow.' And, in the development of the State and Municipality, employing directly an always increasing number of workers, always at standard hours and a living wage, there rests a great hope of escape from the squalid chaos of the present into something which Englishmen will be able to contemplate with a juster pride. A legislature which would recognise the reality and permanence of this remarkable development of communal activity, would wisely encourage, advise, control, check at times, but always with insight and sympathy—instead of (as now) thrusting in entirely spasmodic and clumsy oppositions at the dictate of any affected private enterprise or vested interest, with

a gusty, irrational policy, veering from day to day, now sanctioning, now vetoing, with no conception of future possibilities, or vision of a large and attainable end—would be a legislature which would forward a humane and rational policy in the present, and earn an honourable remembrance in the days to come.

The reforms here barely indicated necessitate an increased revenue and expenditure. With the National Budget already swollen to dangerous dimensions, party politicians might hesitate before committing themselves to such a further development. I believe that much indeed could be done by adjustment and rearrangement, by wise economies, by a policy of peace and vigorous control of those 'Empire builders' who thrust forward wars and expeditions in the remoter regions of the world. But, beyond the sources of expenditure at present available, some of us are looking with hopeful eyes at further sources of revenue, and a broadening of the basis of taxation in a direction far removed from an impost upon the food of the poor. We can see a revenue obtainable from a judicious system of land taxation—a payment justly demanded by a State which has taken over from the landowner all the responsibilities formerly asso-

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✓ ciated with territorial 'ownership.' We would demand, with this, the extension of the system of graduation already accepted in the income tax; so that irresponsible and unsettled wealth should contribute far more than at present to the general well-being of the community—a system by which not only would revenue be obtained, but a real menace to the future removed. And many of us regard with friendliness the suggestion for the increase of the direct ✓ taxation of unearned incomes and of the dividends on capital invested abroad, such as the scheme recently put forward by Mr. Pethick Lawrence as an alternative to Mr. Chamberlain's wild and hazardous schemes for preferential treatment of Colonies and Empire.

With some such modest programme as this now outlined, any party seriously concerned with the welfare and future of the common people of England might start upon that work of social reconstruction which has been too long delayed. It is a programme in no respects revolutionary, involving no large organic changes, asserting no novel legislative principles. It would not, if carried out in its entirety, inaugurate the Golden Age nor abolish ills as old as time. But it would mark a step forward,

and along winning lines ; it would eliminate great masses of human wretchedness, and bring incalculable benefits to those patient, silent populations amongst whom hope of amelioration has almost died away. It could be carried to completion by any party which would recall the meaning of patriotism, too long forgotten, and recognise that the future of the English race is being decided, not on the boundaries of the world, but here at the heart of the Empire.

The first impression of the life of those submerged cities which are the particular products of the world's latest changes is that of a large disorder. The visitor sees existence, as it seems, drifting without purpose or plan—man dying, man being born ; a confusion of human habitations ; a confusion of human lives. Restless, dissatisfied faces haunt him along all the city ways ; he apprehends something gone astray, the lost key of progress—a people which has missed the object of its being. Children are playing in all the streets ; there are casual places of worship, casual places of pleasure ; the atmosphere is of unsettlement and vague disturbance ; as if humanity, fleeing from some threatened destruction, had encamped in any huddled fashion for a night and a day. He sees no evident system, or mutual

dependence, or effort towards an organic whole; here are a thousand worlds each pursuing its separate functions; amid the multitude crowded in lane and alley, each walks solitary. Later, this first impression fades, to be replaced by another. Just below the surface everywhere appear order, machinery, regulation. The children are drilled and instructed under close law; the policeman is at every corner, the rebellious, as quietly as may be, conveyed into servitude; the infirm, the broken, the old, are shut up behind high walls, away from the pleasant life of man. Begging is sternly suppressed, squalor sedulously hidden; no sights of naked poverty are tolerated, such as those which scandalize the tourist in the sunshine of a southern town. The roads are swept and cleaned, the sewage system unimpeachable, the public lavatories unparalleled in Europe. Behind the decent citizen, as he treads his narrow appointed path, brood large impersonal forces, waiting to pounce upon the errant, and drive him back to the accustomed ways. At the end comes the public cemetery, with free, efficient burial for the unimportant dead. Contemplating this spectacle of a large activity, the observer is moved to a further inquiry. To what end? The meaning of it all? The design of the elaborate

machinery, and the results attained, are questions which open far-reaching issues. What relation, he will ask, have these lavatories and these cemeteries, all the busy exercise of government, its institutions, its inspectors, its smooth and polished mechanisms, with anything which, from the experience of all the past, he can recognise as a civilization? He sees common humanity, condemned to monotonous toil and mirthless pleasure; with no intelligible advance in gentleness and the art of living; rarely rising to a vivid and passionate apprehension of the greatness of its life in the present, or of its immeasurable future destiny. 'Things are in the saddle and ride mankind.' 'For that myriad humanity which throngs the cities of England,' is the verdict of a critic of an alien race, 'I feel a profound pity; for it seems to me that in factory, in mine, in warehouse, the life they have chosen to live in the past, the lives those born into that country must almost inevitably lead now, is further off from beauty, more remote from spirit, more alien from deity, than that led by any people hitherto in the memory of the world.'

With the problem thus apprehended, desire is deepened for the wider distribution of the constituents of human well-being, for the transformation of present society



into something more just, more intelligible, more humane.

The belief has indeed vanished, that political or social change, effected by legislature or council, has power of itself to create the world of our desire, and bring that better day for which all are longing. Life for the mass of mankind will never be a victorious business. At the best it is afternoon, with a touch of evening in it and the coming night; well if under an unclouded sky, with light on the horizon, and a promise of sleep untroubled by bad dreams. Material change can but prepare for things greater than itself: removing obstacles, constructing channels for those liberating and spiritual forces which alone can transfigure the lot of man.

But here, surely, and more, perhaps, now than in all past days, the work of a deliberate social reconstruction is offering great opportunities to the energies of reform. I can understand impatience and bitter feeling amongst those who see time passing and nothing accomplished; and the forces of evil increasing continually; and another generation and yet another growing into distorted, unlovely life, whose life might have been a thing so different. I cannot understand those who, confronted with the branding and defacement of the bodies and the souls of men which are the handiwork

of the modern city, profess themselves satisfied with routine and trivial action, heedless alike of challenge and appeal. So much can be done, so much demands doing; in the days of the life of a man, as all the past witnesses, a world may perish, a world be born.

The writer through whose work London first became articulate has described how the noise of the street-organ gathered up for him all the confusion of the city wilderness. 'The life of men who toil without hope, yet with the hunger of an unsatisfied desire; of women in whom the sweetness of their sex is perishing under labour and misery; the laugh, the song of the girl who strives to enjoy her year or two of youthful vigour, knowing the darkness of the years to come; the careless defiance of the youth who feels his blood, and revolts against the lot which would tame it—all that is purely human in these darkened multitudes,' said George Gissing, 'speaks to you as you listen.' In that 'vulgar clanging' he found an undreamt-of pathos, and 'the secret of hidden London half revealed.'

'How sour sweet music is

When time is broke, and no proportion kept!

So is it in the music of men's lives.'

Our cities, as all others, are 'built to music.' No exultant melody rises to-day

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from their labyrinthine warrens. 'This music mads me,' one might exclaim with the tormented king; 'in me, it seems, it will make wise men mad.'

There are those who, amid the discord of failure and baffled purpose, hear echoes of other harmonies; hearing, are content to work for the promise of the future—a hope beyond the desire of dreams.

# THE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

By R. C. K. ENSOR

## I

**C**LEAR your minds for the moment of the Lake district, of the moorlands between the Cheviots and the Peak, of the mountain limestone, of the New Forest, Exmoor, and Dartmoor, and of Cornwall. The wonderful variety of England is not to be forgotten; but a country's character, like a man's, is tested by its rules, and not by its exceptions. Start, therefore, with the common landscapes of the average humdrum English counties. They will appear less average, with fewer common elements, the further you proceed, resembling in this their inhabitants, the country labourers, whose rich variety of minds and souls only ignorance can simplify into 'Hodge.' 'The more originality one has,' says Pascal, 'the more original men one discovers,' and, we will add, 'the more original landscapes.' Still, take England as a whole, and illustrate it by four such different counties as Shropshire, Buckinghamshire, Devon, and

Kent, and there will appear a common something not to be found on the banks of Rhine or Seine. A community in historic human conditions, political, social, economic, has wrought this community in landscape ; and certainly the effect is good, whatever be thought of its causes.

Returning from the modern cities of Europe, from Paris or Frankfort, one finds Manchester and Birmingham detestable, and even London discouraging. Each of the great countries with a past can show towns which dwarf the beauties and the romance of Oxford. But with the countryside it is all the other way ; from the typical German or typical French landscape we can revert to the typical English one with a solid satisfaction in the superiority of our heritage. Partial such satisfaction may be, like family pride or a workman's approval of his own work, yet we feel no misgiving about challenging the outsider to refute it.

The comparison of family or handiwork is not irrelevant, because all landscape suited to man's normal moods (the many kinds of wilderness are but medicine for the abnormal) is of man's making. It is like a piece of music for which Nature furnishes the instrument, good or bad, and man chooses the tune and the key. And this human authorship has the interest of

being plural and impersonal, the revelation of a multiple soul, as is that of folk-song or of medieval architecture. Now, the key of English landscape is stability—the stability of immemorial peace, peaceful industry, industrious loyalty to the cause of human comfort. The villages and fields bear witness to an uninterrupted rural civilization without parallel in Western Europe. South of the Trent you are in a land where for more than four centuries—ever since Bosworth Field—practically no battles have been fought save in a single war, and that a singularly humane war.\* All that time men have been able to live in the open country without having to carry arms or fortify their homes. The gentry built manor-houses instead of castles; the farms, the barns, the cottages, the churches, even the hedges, were the handiwork of men who could look for comfort, and had not to look for fire and sword. When civilization reawoke in Europe, many countries anticipated and outstripped England; and in North Italy, in Flanders and Brabant, and in West Germany, there was a culture altogether above the English. But even

\* The wonderful moderation shown in the war between King and Parliament may be better appraised if we remember that the Thirty Years' War was contemporary with it.

while it flourished, it flourished chiefly behind city walls and in sound of warfare; and since it flourished, North Italy, the Low Countries, and West Germany have for centuries been Europe's battlefields. The nearest approach, on a comparable scale, to the long rural orderliness of England is that of France. But, in the first place, it is very much more recent—it dates at the earliest from Henry IV.; in the second, it was established on a less satisfactory political and social basis, whence the Revolution and rupture of continuity; in the third, its best period, the nineteenth century, was handicapped by the recurrence of exhausting wars and invasions. Up to the time of the industrial revolution, and in the mass till the end of the Napoleonic wars, the English were peculiar in Europe as a people whose culture was rural. Excepting London and Bristol, there had come to be no great cities, only market towns for flourishing country districts. Cities in the Continental sense, with fortified walls and the tight patriotism of more or less independent communities, passed completely out of the English ken. We lost something thereby, as the Continental cities plainly show us. But the net loss was less than the apparent. It is not really against London and Oxford that we should weigh

Florence and Paris and Nürnberg. The human wealth of a populous countryside in which all classes lived, and could live, at peace, for centuries—that is our arch-achievement as a nation, the source and condition of our other greatnesses, the base on whose fragments, ‘majestic though in ruin,’ we can still found, if not our loudest, at least our most legitimate fame.

Perhaps the best description of this is still the one in Milton’s ‘L’Allegro.’ That was written about 270 years ago, yet the spirit of it, if not all the detail, may be found in our country now. Thousands of our villages are the same villages which were old villages in Milton’s day; to the buildings and the ordering of the landscape each age adds a few new features, and leaves many old ones. It is difficult to convey this without citing particular villages, difficult to cite any one without giving the impression that it is unique—which it only will be in the sense that all are. From no egotism, but to guarantee the random character of his selection, the writer will select his own birthplace. It is a large village in Somerset, including in several hamlets between 300 and 400 dwellings. Of these, four-fifths at least are of a beautiful stone—a yellow oolite which age mellows into the softest gray-brown; a majority



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(dwindling fast, alas! under pressure of rates for fire insurance) have roofs of thatch, pleasant to the eye and, for the cottager, both warm in winter and cool in summer. The village church has more than one beautiful survival of Norman building; the landlord's house is the work of Wren. Several farmhouses have some architectural character; of many homes, the outer walls must be ancient, of very many more the foundations; they are literally rooted in the centuries. This permanence is not confined to stones and mortar. No doubt there are changes: an old main-road has been diverted, and its course become a lane; a railway has dissected a long combe and threaded the cross-roads where suicides were buried; a squire who loved the place and loved beauty has done judicious tree-planting, and degenerate successors have let it be undone. But the neighbourhood shows many elms that have reached the utmost span of elm life, and oaks that for antiquity might have fed Gurth's swine; you will find the garden even of an unimportant house fenced with a massive box-hedge of immemorial growth. The hedges, indeed, all over South England are among the most symptomatic things. Often they are very old; always the manner of them is. Cæsar describes it minutely as an interesting\* custom, localized in his time

\* 'Bell. Gall.,' ii. 17.

by the opposite shore of the Channel ; on that side it has survived but imperfectly ; in England its survival and extension across the country almost coincide with the course of rural civilization. In the South the hedge attains its richest development ; hazel, maple, ash, oak, privet, and dogwood freely supplement the hawthorn and blackthorn ; bramble and wild-rose, honeysuckle and bryony, lace and tangle their growth ; and there is that glorious wild clematis which gets fluffy in winter, and earns the good names of Travellers' Joy and Old Man's Beard. As you work up through the Midlands the hedges, though still large and ubiquitous, get simpler ; they have not the same slowly-acquired wealth of composition ; hawthorn predominates, often to monotony. In the North the hedges are but timid and rare colonists ; fields which would bear fine ones are bounded by bleak walls, whose fashion has overlapped its legitimate hill area ; what hedges there are tend to have a planted and restrained appearance, and do not run lavishly to flowers. The plainness of Lancashire fields is of a piece with the ugliness of Lancashire homes ; on farm as well as in factory the people are working with success on a high plane of industrial efficiency, but they have never had a breathing space to study and develop true comfort.

Let us not, while doing justice to the human (that is, the English) element in our country, forget what Nature herself has done for us. Our best poetry from Chaucer to Milton is full of apt doxologies on this theme, and if (in spite of Wordsworth and the 'Scholar-Gipsy' and 'Thyrsis') our nineteenth-century poets showed less feeling for home landscapes, the balance is possibly redressed by the painters, especially by Constable. A good deal of nonsense underlies the conventional disparagements of our climate. The charge of fogginess is largely an echo of foreign verdicts passed by visitors to our great towns, whose fogs are quite abnormal, and result from their unique smoke nuisance. The remedy is not to abuse Nature, but to use stoves in our houses and compel our manufacturers to burn their own smoke.

Again, the charge of changeableness is quite true if we judge our weather from day to day, but judged, as plants and animals judge it, from month to month and from year to year, it is one of the least varying in the world. The central facts of it are that we lie near the sea and the Gulf Stream, which temper for us both heat or cold; that we get very regular and sufficient rain without being soaked in it as the smaller islands off the Atlantic are; that we have no very

high mountains or very great areas of bog and lake, but that a certain moderation in the lie of the land co-operates with the moderation of the climate. The one violent feature of it all is the wind, but then our winds are sea-winds; we never get the exhausted, withering breath of a continent, parched or frozen, but on its way hither it crosses water, is purified, is cooled or warmed, and takes up some of the sea's ozone. Lastly, we have exceptional sea-scapes and cloudsapes. Our seaside has been more 'spoilt by the railways' than our country generally. Yet of good scenery on the sea or in range of it, there is an immense deal left, and whatever be the percentage of Englishmen who have never seen the sea, it must be small relatively to that of most nations. Our clouds are the sea's legacy, and with them we may associate, not 'fogs,' but an undoubted prevalence of beautiful mist effects and niceties of atmosphere. England is, perhaps, less favoured herein than Ireland, but more than most of the Continent; and it is especially through English painters that the world has learned to understand clouds.

A word should be added on the geological side. Review momentarily the contrasts of scenery afforded by the millstone-grit and the mountain limestone in the Pennine;

*Hellenic landscape* \*

the volcanic rocks of the Lake District, Dartmoor, and Cornwall; the chalk downs of South England, with their clear colours, absence of decoration, and Hellenic reliance on perfectly beautiful contours; the red sandstones, old and new, with their decoratively broken landscapes, rich woodlands, and orchards; the lias and the oolite, with the stone buildings whose dignity so well matches the ample vegetation; the sands and gravels of the South, with their pines and ling, their oaks and bracken, and their flowers; lastly, the netherlands of East Anglia. Time forbids our dwelling upon details such as the knife of syenite which cleaves the west Midlands and forms the Malvern Hills, or the river-work of Thames and Tees, Severn and Tamar. The treasure of these is inexhaustible to him who will seek it.

Nevertheless, when all is said, we are human, and our feeling for landscape is a feeling for the place of humanity in it. That place is in England not ideal; we have no Arcadias. Life on our land has always been hard; at times it has been almost crushing. Yet through centuries of its history breathes that strange assuaging influence of which our hedges and village churches are the best emblems and gauges.

This remarkable peace and stability, this

air of inveterate comfort, belong primarily to England south of the Trent. North of the Trent civilization is altogether younger. The wilder features of the landscape are among England's glories, but the 'Englishness,' and most of the merit, of its human aspects is a late echo of Southern influence. The Northern people were not soaked with civilization like the Southerners, but abruptly rushed into it from a relatively lawless stage. The accident that the bulk of English coal lay north,\* and the further accident that the Lancashire climate was the best for textile manufacture, brought it about that a region till then neglected and barbarous was called on to pioneer the industrial revolution. The unblunted energy and raw power of Northern Englishmen stood them in surprisingly good stead at this crisis; they so rose to their task that they lead the world in it still. Yet it is possible, had the lot fallen upon a people with more previous civilization, not only that the extreme hideousness of the English manufacturing towns might have been less extreme, but that modern

\* It is curious that even the most southern of the great coal-fields lay in counties, Stafford and Derby, which in the eighteenth century seem to have been noted as backward. This somewhat discounts Birmingham and the Black Country.

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industrialism as a whole might have taken more account of sweetness and light. J

### II

Now, in connection with this common, beautiful English country, two considerations have at the present an importance which is insufficiently recognised. In the first place, it is less appreciated by Englishmen, and plays a smaller part in their lives than ever before; in the second place, social and economic changes are modifying it in directions which it is desirable that we should forecast and, if possible, influence.

In estimating the divorce between English life and English landscape, the transfer of the masses of our population from country to city is, of course, our most obvious thought—so obvious that it need not be laboured. Features of it, however, which deserve passing emphasis are its scale and its recentness.

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Mr. Riis, in a recent book on the slum question in New York, notes as an ominous thing that *one*-third of the population of the United States is now urban. In England the proportion is *two*-thirds. And the significance of this urban life has quite recently altered; to live in a great town has not long meant to live out of practical

walking range of the country. What is now modern London was, when Turner sketched it, a region in which trees and green fields played a remarkably large part. Districts like Camberwell were leafy and half rural a generation ago. The six great cities now decorated with Lord Mayors are still newer. A Liverpool man of fifty can remember viewing the sea across open fields which are now Bootle. A Manchester workman of forty years back had nearly as much liberty as the patriarch Isaac 'to meditate in the field at the eventide.' In the host of towns with between 100,000 and 300,000 inhabitants the process takes place under our eyes. A young man can remember artisans working plots of land near the centre of Oldham, which smoke and building have since caused to disappear. How utterly deruralized is the life of the town workers one illustration may indicate. In June, 1902, the writer piloted four crippled workmen from a working-class district of Manchester about some grounds on the edge of the suburbs, and put to them a practical flower catechism. Three of them, be it noted, had, before the events which left them cripples, enjoyed high wages and relative prosperity. None of them knew or could name forget-me-nots, daisies, dandelions, clover, pansies, or lilies - of - the - valley.



Three of them were, baffled by a poppy; the fourth felt confident that it was 'a rose.' Now, whether men can live (and their souls live) for an indefinite number of generations thus divorced from Nature is an interesting speculation; but we should notice that we have no experience in the matter, for outside a very limited area of London the condition is scarcely anywhere three generations old.

X For these people's reacquaintance with the country nothing will avail but large economic changes tending to break up the big cities. We will allude to such later, but turn for the present to the case of the upper and upper middle classes, whose collective will is still that of the nation for most purposes. With them, too, the question of dwelling-place is very important; the surest way to incorporate the country in one's life is to live there; a majority of our upper classes used recently to do so, and a minority do so now. With them, however, other questions arise, for they can travel. And the point worth examining at some length is the difference between modern methods of travelling considered as methods of becoming acquainted with the country.

People are fond of opining that 'the trains have spoilt the country.' If this

means that the trains have multiplied intruders upon it, it is inaccurate. The trains have overpopulated a few picturesque spots, but their function with regard to most of the country is not to carry people to it, but to carry people past it without looking at it. / They largely originated the 'picturesque spot' theory of landscape—the theory that to see England or any other country, it suffices to see a few remarkable but isolated fragments—'views'—and to skip the intervening landscape, which alone gives the fragments their real meaning, and enables them to be appreciated as parts of a whole. / This theory would be closely paralleled if you tried to read 'Paradise Lost' by perusing the lines extracted from it in Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations,' and skipping the rest of the poem. Trains have so fed the absurdity that while commonly thought to have increased travelling they have, in fact, nearly abolished it. The average Englishman of to-day makes far more journeys than the average Englishman of a century ago, but we should hesitate to say that he travels more. A journey to-day means getting into a closed box at one point and getting out of it at another; the interval is mere transport. The fewer journeys of the pre-train epoch had much more intrinsic significance.

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Whether you coached or rode, you embarked on an enterprise whose pith and moment were not merely at the end of it and outside of it; you moved slowly enough to notice as you passed them the lives of men and things; you moved in the open air and in easy hail of them all—up the main streets of all intervening towns and villages, over the crests of the intervening hills, passing the woods, the fields, the farms, the cattle, the crops, and the wild creatures—not with the fulness of observation possible to a walker, but with immeasurably more than is possible to a train passenger. The man who went from Oxford or Bristol to London went through a considerable human experience. Of course, business is business, and we shall not for business purposes go back on the new locomotion. We could not afford as a community that each of us should always travel at leisure, any more than that each of us should live always in a spacious park. But the case of travelling for holiday remains, and there is no absurdity in asking whether persons who rush from London to Brighton for a week's holiday might not spend their week better in travelling by easy road-stages across Sussex and back again.

When this question is raised, the bicyclist

enters and explains that he is just the man we want. His machine, we hear, has restored the glory of road travelling, and done more than anything else to make known to Englishmen the English landscape. Sorrowfully but firmly we once more demur. Cycling may be considered under two heads, according as it is a substitute for train travelling or a substitute for walking. To the former may be given a moderate approval. There is not really very much of it done, because the amount of baggage which a cycle will carry is too limited. Moreover, though cycling is a more fruitful mode of locomotion than the train, it is less fruitful than almost every other mode. The speed is too high for the rider to observe much unless he can surrender all his faculties to observation ; this is precisely what the cycle rider, unlike the carriage rider, cannot do. Nor can the cyclist rival herein the man on horseback. Even the expert cyclist must attend far more to his machine than an expert horseman to his horse, and, unlike the horseman, he is tied to the 'good roads,' which for purposes of observation are usually the worst. But the chief thing which cycling has supplanted is walking, and there it has done harm scarcely mitigated. It has given the last fillip to the fatal 'view' conception

of landscape. The town dweller has not even gained by it economically; it is cheaper for him to reach the country by train and see it on foot. The notion that, at least for men, it is a superior exercise seems more than doubtful. The nervous craving of modern people for soulless and thoughtless exhilaration sufficiently explains its deplorable vogue, which will last until the stronger natures set a saner example.

Possibly all locomotive inventions will not be as disappointing for our purpose as the bicycle and the train. There is a great future for motor-cars whenever manufacturers give up pitting them against railway-engines—a rivalry at once hopeless and dangerous—and design them simply to achieve highroad speeds more cheaply, more conveniently, and with less wear than horse-drawn vehicles. But though travelling may thus be greatly improved, especially in the direction of cheapness, it is not on the side of conveyance that its greatest needs lie. Everyone can walk at no cost beyond boot-leather, and though everyone cannot drive or ride, the large class that can goes little upon driving or riding tours. The real obstacle, as everyone who has toured at all knows, is the badness of English inns. The tradition of 'mine host' is

nearly dead; bad accommodation, grudgingly and incivily offered and exorbitantly charged for, is the rule in our towns and villages. English hotels discourage all except commercial travellers, for whose peculiar and not very refined tastes a certain class of accommodation has to be provided — though even this less well than formerly. Convinced that inn hospitality properly kept up over the country must be remunerative, the traveller cannot at first conceive why the innkeepers should so flout a good source of revenue. The explanation lies probably in the tied-house system. When the country's hotels pass under the control of brewery companies, they acquire a supreme authority which has no interest in their bed and board departments, but only in their bars. To this, and not to any inherent depravity in English hosts, must be ascribed the lamentable result. It is an effect of 'the trade's' influence not sufficiently remarked, and whoever procured its removal would probably have done more for our countryside than all the bicycle inventors put together.

### III

If the human element in landscape be thus appreciated, no apology is needed for

discussing here the social conditions of our countryside. Evidently the stability on which we have laid stress is not at present its leading feature. Rapid and remorseless changes have characterized the last forty years, and the face of the land will more and more reflect them.

So far the change has mainly been decadence. Agriculture has shrunk, and the people have hurried off the land to the towns. Of course, if this process continued indefinitely, the country would cease to be English, and become a wilderness. Latterly, however, a 'back to the land' movement has grown up, in which, besides much smoke, there does seem to be a little fire. Inside it we may distinguish two tendencies—one towards multiplying in the country the number of actual cultivators, the other towards spreading more widely over it the people engaged in urban industry or trade. For convenience we will christen the one movement 'agrarianism,' the other 'suburbanism,' and consider them separately in order.

'Agrarianism' is a long story. Historian, politician, economist, and agricultural expert all claim their say, and so do an army of faddists. The present writer is inclined to think most of the historian and the agricultural expert. From them, any-

how, we get our first data, and they lead us to somewhat similar general conclusions.

Historically, we find from the time of the Black Death and the decay of feudalism more or less the same trinity of classes as now—landlords, farmers, and labourers. The position of the last has chiefly varied according as they were mere employés, or also to some extent self-employed upon holdings of their own. Much of the halo cast round the ‘yeoman’ is imaginative, but it does seem historically the case that the labourer’s prosperity has been associated with his possession of some rights to land. It also seems the case that his prosperity has regularly stimulated that of agriculture at large, and so that of the farmers, and this, of course, in turn that of the landlords, but that each of these classes has been by way of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. The prosperity of farmers has been regularly used by them for ends which have weakened the labourer—the enclosures under the Tudors and the enclosures in the period represented by Arthur Young. Similarly, the landlords have taken advantage of prosperity to raise the standard of rent and of their own living above what the land could economically support. The immediate effect of the farmers’ action was to reduce the labourers to a dependent



state, in which the farmers could and did thoroughly fleece them. But its ultimate effect was that many labourers left the land in despair, and the remainder lacked the skill of men who worked partly for themselves. Hence both the quantity and quality of agricultural labour fell off, and the last state of the farmers was worse than the first. Meanwhile the landlords over their heads had so raised rents in the prosperous times that the farmers had not netted enough to have much sinking-fund, while the style of living which the landlords had grown into made it difficult for rents to come down.

Remembering that rural changes are relatively slow, and not exactly simultaneous in different localities, and that even 'immediate' effects may linger over several generations, we can thus trace in the last five centuries two waves of agricultural prosperity rising slowly to a climax and then sinking from the causes indicated. The turning-points in the two may be dated roughly, perhaps, at the dissolution of the monasteries and the outbreak of the Napoleonic wars, though all dates must be inaccurate for such slow and fluid processes. The moral is that the prosperity of agriculture has depended on that of the agricultural labourer, and this in turn on

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the labourer's independent possession of rights to land.\*] And at this point history is strongly endorsed by the present-day expert in agriculture, who is attaching more and more importance to the promotion of small holdings.

Other things which the agricultural expert is apt to tell us are that our farmers enjoy a good soil and climate as well as juxtaposition to our town consumers, and that the application of sufficient capital and skill to an English farm will always make it pay, granted a fair chance from the landlord and the railway company. This doctrine is so contrary to the chatter of journalists, as well as to the actual failure of our farms, that it surprises us, until we remember the value of the food we buy, not from far steppes and prairies, but from Denmark and Holland, and even the suburbs of Paris, or learn that Belgium *supports* per acre over 25 per cent. more people than Britain *has* per acre.

Turning to the politico-economic aspect, and avoiding the hard formulæ of land nationalization or peasant ownership, settled property or free trade in land, we shall find

\* The importance of the fact that these were largely *communal* rights may be overrated. Communalism had the advantage of keeping land from the control of incapables, but disadvantageously limited the powers of capables.

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that the public interest in the land's full exploitation bases two broad requirements :

(1) That land should, as far as possible, be only in the hands of people willing and competent to make the fullest use of it ;  
(2) that it should be sufficiently in their hands to induce them to make such use. This puts us in a sort of dilemma, for the first requirement militates against peasant proprietary or other occupying ownership,\* unless English 'ownership' be much curtailed, and, in particular, some Act superseding the Settled Land Acts make it impossible to tie up estates ; while the second seems to militate against all mere rent-paying tenancy. The way out of this dilemma may be by State-landlordism, the State skimming the economic rent, but leaving the tenant as free as possible ; or it may be by rendering land readily saleable among a class of small proprietors, each with unlimited powers of user, but little power of disposal except sale.† The

\* Because ownership may pass to and reside in women, children, or lunatics, as well as fully capable persons, while occupancy *ex hypothesi* is to be reserved for the latter. All the English machinery of legal settlements is designed, of course, actually to keep ownership in incapable hands.

† In this case economic rent would disappear, as constant sale made the units of occupancy values with different areas, and not areas with different values.

latter solution is what we are nearest, and it does not differ from the former so much as appears at first sight. In either case, the possessors of the land would be a class with a maximum control over its present use, and a minimum control over its future destiny. This would make them desperately industrious and industrial—which we should by no means regret—but it would also make them blind to the interests of the future.

*Serit arbores quæ alteri sæculo prosint* can scarcely be the motto of such cultivators, and a quite new need arises for the State promotion of the permanent good of our landscape. The old English adherence to primogeniture and strict settlements of landed estate has had as its solitary advantage the committal of landscapes to the control of families whose point of view was not that of a single generation. The size of their estates also enabled them to conceive landscape gardening on broad lines. The curtailment of estates in duration and in scale which a small holdings system will imply makes public activity and State action in the interest of our landscape imperative. 'Back to the land' may be the *sine quâ non* of a revived English landscape, but it will not develop that revival automatically. \*

When we turn from 'agrarianism' to

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'suburbanism,' the need is still more apparent. And suburbanism seems more sure to come. The prospect of a large part of our country being parcelled up between parkdom and villadom makes progress daily. Some expect from it a healthy revivifying of country life, reminding us how in the eighteenth century the villages were invigorated when the rich merchant class took to land-owning. But the actual effects of villadom and parkdom are now old enough and considerable enough to be estimated. The eighteenth-century park was a home and a centre of local government. The modern millionaire's park supplies at most a dormitory and a resort for selfish pleasures—commonly only the latter. The villa is like unto it. True, it monopolizes, at least individually, a less area, and exists less purely for pleasure. On the other hand, its occupants' hearts and businesses are as little in the country as the millionaire's, and they have less money to pay for the services of better-trained people. 'Suburbanism' does not mean taking to a country life; it means sleeping in the country and living your active life in town; hence the villa's incurable way of looking spiritually irrelevant to a landscape where it is optically prominent. Moreover,

while the town culture spread by suburbanism is in the bulk a poor thing, it has a fatal prestige before which more excellent country things wither. Perhaps the best symbol of this is the disappearance of our last folk-songs before the rubbish of the London music-halls. Few sadder or more thought-begetting experiences can be undergone than to sit in an inn in a remote village and hear rustics troll tin-kettle ditties about Seven Dials or the Old Kent Road.

'Suburbanism,' then, cannot, any more than 'agrarianism,' be left to develop as it pleases without some attempt to watch and modify its development in the national interest. And if this attempt is necessitated by the coming of the new orders, it is necessitated no less by the passing of the old. Economically, the mass of English landowners are a mere incubus; their universal employment of land-agents has left them without further business in the country. Nevertheless, thanks to settlement and entail, they pass but slowly. Their hearts are in the town, where their culture centres; the country serves them to shoot and hunt. Their rents have fallen; their standard of life, forced up by urban example, has not; the exhaustion of their estates pays the difference. The most

typical squire's family, perhaps, is that which goes annually to London for the season, and there spends so much money that for the rest of the year it is too poor for any rural purpose. It has no money to repair or build labourers' cottages, no money to plant trees or even to replace those which it recklessly fells for sale. The next stage, only too common also, is that of the squire whose debts prevent his living on his estate. He lets his house and shooting to strangers, and the countryside is controlled by an unfortunate land-agent who is allowed to spend nothing on it, and whose one function is to squeeze money for an utterly unsympathetic absentee.

Two examples from one neighbourhood will illustrate the bearings of this. One of the main roads out of Oxford, lacking in fine prospects, was formerly beautified by a remarkable number of roadside elms. In the year 1896-1897 a preponderant number of these were felled, and a beautiful main road became a plain one. The landlord was an absentee nobleman who wanted money; the trees were not replaced, and, if the writer is correctly informed, have not been. The other case is that of a field close outside Oxford at the entrance of Marston. On one side of it runs the road, on the other a lane. Both were, till a few years ago,

bordered by colonnades of elms whose beauty and nearness to Oxford made them a public treasure. The field was acquired by a local tradesman who wanted to feed stock in it, and he had every tree felled on the ground that they lessened his pasturage.

It is clear that on both these occasions some public protest should have been made, if not to prevent felling, at least to insure replanting ; but it is believed that none was made. Incidents of these kinds are occurring constantly all over England ; you can hardly go into any district without encountering them. Those here mentioned are distinguished by no special enormity from a vast multitude of others. Moreover, common as they are, they will get much commoner, for the whole current of events favours them.

Confronted, then, by the havoc of transition, agrarianism, and suburbanism, what is the lover of his native land to do ? His first duty is to get, personally, sound ideas on rural æsthetics, to determine to be no Gallio in the matter. His next is to support and promote all common action, whether through the State and local governing bodies, or, in the first place, through some society. Art generally has a good deal to hope from common action, which is in practice less that of the multi-



tude than that of the minority who care. For this reason we need not despair of the country simply because the movements to deface it are genuine and popular. The inhabitants of Birmingham, Manchester, and Liverpool are for the most part grossly inartistic. But the Art Committees of their Councils have proved equal to making very creditable choices for their picture galleries. The contrast between these and their homes and streets, the fruit of individual action, is striking; yet even the homes and streets would be far worse had not common action imposed building by-laws. A useful first step would be an English Landscape Protection Society, doing such work as is done already to some extent in Switzerland, Germany, Belgium, and France. Such a society might include in its interest the fate of particular features of the country,\* but in general it should avoid the mere conservation of 'views.' Such conservation amounts practically to the creation of parks; you can justify it in exceptional cases, as in the neighbourhood of great cities, where one extreme of artificiality needs to be balanced by another, but this is a need to which the public conscience is fairly alive in the

\* Thus in 1902 it might have championed Sonning Bridges.

localities concerned. What a national society should do is rather to promote regulations affecting landscape at large, and the fact that local bodies will usually have to apply these should not prevent their having a quite general character. Land-scape is essentially a matter of whole districts and countries, and not of small preservable bits; the one fault of the Société pour la Protection des Paysages de France is an imperfect appreciation of this. Again, it is essentially a correlative of living, working humanity; we do not want to get our artistic thrills from one set of places, and our loaves and cheeses from another; beauty, work, and wealth must flourish side by side on the same patch. Here are four suggestions with which we might make a beginning:

1. Protection of trees.
2. Protection of fauna and flora.
3. Restriction of the abuses of advertising.
4. Public plantation of wastes.

Of these, the first is seriously considered in France and Belgium, where the idea is to compel everyone who cuts down a roadside tree to grow another in its stead. There would be no difficulty about applying this to the trees in our roadside hedges, and scarcely anything else will save them.

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Conceivably we might apply it to roadside hedges themselves, or to trees standing on any boundary-line between two fields.

The second is already contemplated in England. Birds are the most crying instance, and we have the Wild Birds Protection Acts. These, however, are very faulty, and avail little as against the landowner or his agents, who are precisely the most dangerous class. At present our wealth of birds (and corresponding lack of noxious insects—mosquitoes, horse-flies, etc.) is one of the greatest advantages which our landscapes possess over those of the Continent. The development of a peasantry in England would soon bring us down to the Continental level herein, unless we fore-armed ourselves. We may note that our large landowners are far from guiltless; they have exterminated many exceptionally fine species as 'vermin,' and are persecuting relentlessly many more. The case of our few mammals also deserves attention, and both suburbanism and agrarianism will bring that of flora to the front.

The abuses of advertising are being fought, chiefly, in Switzerland and Germany, though neither country suffers as badly as England. In Prussia, a law has been passed whose moderate but not ineffective provisions have more than once been noticed in the

London press. In Switzerland, the Council of the Canton of Vaud recently had the problem examined by a commission. Its report analyzed with great care the various practical alternatives: to tax posters by their area in a rapidly ascending scale; to prohibit on open ground any posters which do not advertise the sale, etc., of the ground itself; to forbid the display of posters within a certain range (if possible, prohibitive) of roads and railways; or, lastly, to make all display of posters subject to the license of a local authority, with power to forbid them wherever it sees fit. Obviously, these alternatives do not all exclude or include each other, and a heavy tax might well be combined with certain prohibitive measures. Advertising is an entirely unproductive industry, and no public impoverishment would result from its being discouraged.

The plantation suggested might include national afforestation schemes and a certain amount of landscape gardening by local authorities. A departmental committee of the Board of Agriculture reported in 1902 on afforestation, and it seems likely that some may eventually be done; the obstacle at present is the want of a trained staff. Some plantation by local authorities might develop naturally from any tree-protection law which they might have to enforce.

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The law would throw upon landowners the burden of replacing the fallen or felled trees with fresh ones ; but while some landowners might do their own replanting, many might find it more convenient to pay the local authority to do so. In this way local authorities would come to employ staffs of men for tree-planting, and these they might go on to use for judicious landscape gardening of the sensible and economical sort practised by the squirearchy in its better days.

These four channels in which public action might be taken are not suggested as a systematic or exhaustive list, but simply as a list of specimens. All four concern urgent matters, all four can only be dealt with after Parliamentary legislation, and such legislation will only be secured by a society or societies *ad hoc*. And as every such society is made up of individuals, and the driving-power of quite a few may do much if the few exert it straight in the right direction, it is a real duty for every patriotic Englishman to take trouble and form sound opinions on this subject. Effective zeal must be based on clear thought ; indeed, the lazy or conventional æsthete may hinder more than the sheer Philistine. Especially we should beware of that attitude common to many who vaguely feel

that 'the country is being spoiled'—an attitude of blind opposition to agrarianism and suburbanism and of reaction towards obsolete ideals. It is difficult for an Englishman to-day to read the 'Georgics' without a melancholy consciousness of the parallelism between Virgil's Italy and his own England. All Virgil's feeling for the *divini gloria ruris*, the passion for a landscape compounded of gracious Nature and a noble past, may mingle in him with much of Virgil's poignant regret :

'At secura quies et nescia fallere vita  
 Dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis,  
 Speluncæ, vivique lacus, at frigida Tempe,  
 Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni  
 Non absunt ; illic saltus et lustra ferarum,  
 Et patiens operum exiguoque adsueta inventus,  
 Sacra deum sanctique patres ; extrema per illos  
 Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.'

How admirable it all is, and how truthful, until we hit the rooted conservatism of those last two lines! How like those two lines are to the complaints with which men like Wordsworth and Southey, who could value the old parochial village, saluted the industrial revolution! Yet in those two lines we learn the secret why the Virgilian policy failed even though the Emperor of the world took it up.

## THE CASE OF IRELAND

By HUGH LAW, M.P.

‘**T**HE spirit of nationality is at once the bond and the safeguard of kingdoms ; it is something above laws and beyond thrones, the impalpable element, the inner life of States. But anti-nationality is the confusion and downfall of kingdoms ; it is a blight and a mildew to the heritage of the people.’ If all record of Edmund Burke’s life had been lost, and if nothing of his remained to us excepting this one passage, one might, I think, have correctly inferred from it his Irish birth. Among the peoples of Western Europe only an Irishman would have been likely to see so clearly that nationality is ‘something above laws and beyond thrones, something which may even at times be hostile to both.’ For in Ireland alone of all countries professedly governed through free institutions the spirit of nationality was then, and still is, regarded with disfavour and distrust by the rulers of the State and by those who arrogate to themselves the title of Loyalists. It must, I think, be very difficult for an

Englishman to realize that there can be any conflict between patriotism and loyalty—between the duty which a man owes to his own people and the duty which, under normal circumstances, he owes to the State. The Irish child, on the other hand, is conscious from its earliest years of a divided allegiance. 'The national factor,' writes a Unionist statesman, 'has been studiously eliminated from education; and Ireland is, perhaps, the only country in Europe where it was part of the settled policy of those who had the guidance of education to ignore the literature, history, arts and traditions of the people.'\* In this, and in a hundred other ways, there has been engendered in the Irish view of that Empire, of which his country *de facto* forms part, an antagonism between Nationalism and Imperialism, just as an antagonism between Religion and Law was created by the penal code of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Thus, the proposition laid down in the opening chapter of this book, that the spirit of Imperialism is the enemy of the spirit of Patriotism, we in Ireland regard as self-evident. This which in England seems to be a paradox in Ireland is seen to be a truism.

\* 'Ireland and the New Century,' by Sir Horace Plunkett, p. 152.



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Indeed nothing, perhaps, more clearly reveals the existence of the chasm which divides Irish from English sentiment than the attitude of Ireland towards those of her own sons who have achieved distinction in the service of the Empire. She whose ancient annals are filled with the praise of warriors and heroes, whose children have played no small part in the building up of the Empire, and whose people, lacking what Stevenson called the tree-like self-sufficiency of the English, desire always the praise of their fellow-men, can yet take no pleasure nor feel any pride in the doings of those Irishmen whom Englishmen and Scotchmen are eager to honour.

Some years ago Lady Gregory, in a brilliant and most illuminating essay,\* reminded us that it is not the careers of Wellington, Wolseley, or Roberts that Ireland recalls with pride, but those of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of Wolfe Tone, of Robert Emmet, and (perhaps most significant of all) of the 'Manchester Martyrs'—those three convicted felons in memory of whom a song has been composed, which,

\* 'Felons of Our Land,' *Cornhill Magazine*, May, 1900. The Irish point of view is also most charmingly and admirably expressed in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's poem, 'A Song of Defeat' ('A Lay of Ossian and Patrick, and Other Poems.' Hodges, Figgis and Co.).

notwithstanding its mediocre qualities, may be said to hold the place of an Irish National Anthem.

The truth is that in Ireland, as nowhere else within the British Empire—unless of late in South Africa—loyalty and patriotism, those sister principles, have been deliberately placed at enmity one to the other. And whilst patriotism has been steadily frowned upon by those in authority, *soi-disant* loyalty has always been so munificently rewarded that 'loyalist' has, among the people of Ireland, come to be synonymous with place-hunter.

It has, indeed, required no ordinary mismanagement to achieve such a result amongst a people naturally prone to reverence outward authority—a people who shed their blood like water for Charles I. and James II., kings to whom they had but little reason to be grateful, and at a time when most of the other subjects of those monarchs had abandoned them. That 'God save Ireland' and 'God save the King' should be regarded as contradictory aspirations surely casts a strange light upon the Government of the country. For my part, I believe patriotism and loyalty to be no more irreconcilable in Ireland than they have been found to be in Canada, Australia, or New Zealand. The true enemy of the

Imperial connection, whether in Ireland or South Africa, is not the United Irish League or the Afrikaner Bond, but the spirit of Imperialism as we have known it in these countries during the past thirty years.

The present position of affairs will appear the more extraordinary when we recollect that the Irish are essentially a military race, naturally attracted by the glory of splendid achievements and great names. I can well imagine that an Imperialism of the sword rather than of the Stock Exchange might under other conditions have taken a strong hold of the imaginations of Irishmen. Ireland owes much to the benevolence of the Quakers, and she has never persecuted that sect as Englishmen once did ; but there are no Quakers of Irish origin. An Imperialism such as that of revolutionary and Napoleonic France, instinct with love of country, founded upon the principles of liberty and equality and brotherhood, following glory at all personal risks and sacrifices, and inspired by devotion to a great leader, might find only too many adherents among the Irish people.

That which, apart from all accidental and removable causes of friction, renders the Imperialism of to-day detestable in the eyes of Irishmen is that it combines the p-dantries of cosmopolitanism with the brutalities proper to itself. Your modern

Imperialist may, indeed, find it profitable to trade upon a tradition of patriotism which at heart he despises. Thus, newspapers directed by cosmopolitan Hebrew financiers, in whose eyes the English flag is a 'valuable commercial asset,' waxed very eloquent in their exhortations to brave English women to send their sons to fight for 'King and country' in South Africa. A Martian arriving on this planet towards the close of the year 1899, and chancing upon a copy of the *Daily Telegraph* or *Daily Mail*, would probably have been led to believe that the Modder River was somewhere in the South of England, and that the men of Kent were engaged upon a desperate but heroic struggle in defence of their hearths and homes with overwhelming hordes launched against them by a mighty potentate named Paul Kruger. Yet in reality the modern Imperialist, calculating the material gain to be derived from some war to be carried on at a safe distance from his own arm-chair, is unable even to comprehend the nature of that glorious emotion that has over and over again caused men to sacrifice everything for a national idea, and mentally places patriotism with religion and ethics in the category of those things which are all very well for women (*other* women, if the Imperialist be of that sex) and

children, but which intelligent and well-educated persons should have outgrown.

I recollect meeting one afternoon during the first fortnight of the South African War a lady who is a leader in this school of cosmopolitan-Imperialism. The conversation turned upon the probable duration of the struggle. In common with most of the prophets of that time, this lady was very positive that it would all be over within three months. The Boers, said she, were sure to be beaten before long in some considerable engagement. Then, being sensible people, they would realize that the game was not worth the candle, that, in fact, they were about to obtain a much better government than their own (the latest sanitary improvements, men with brass buttons at every corner, and all the rest of it), and, refusing to listen any longer to the insensate pleadings of their leaders, would settle down nicely under British rule, and everyone would live happily ever after. To this I timidly ventured to reply that possibly the Boer, like other men one had heard of, might be attached to his own ways, might prefer to govern himself badly to being well governed by someone else—might, in short, be that absurd creature (I spoke the word hesitatingly as one barely decent) a patriot. I

still remember the firm though kindly manner in which this absurd suggestion was put by. The Boers, it appeared, were not, like the Irish, foolish sentimentalists, but were practical men of a good Teutonic stock; and for the rest, patriotism was an unintelligible superstition. As for the ethics of conquest, right and wrong had no place in the domain of international affairs. Efficiency alone was worthy of respect.

Well, it cost three years' warfare, and I forget how many millions of money, to correct that little miscalculation. And so widespread was the notion that no sane man could really fight a losing battle for his country that it became quite fashionable amongst those persons who praised the extraordinary patriotism of certain colonies (which were just then supplying some excellent volunteers at a rather high rate of pay) to describe the Boer leaders as brigands, and to advocate that they should be executed as such when captured. Nor did people who, to do them justice, would have denounced such conduct in Englishmen similarly placed as utterly base and treacherous, shrink from praising the enlightened patriotism of those Boers who, under the strangely-chosen name of National Scouts, in the darkest hours of their nation's agony, took up arms against their own people.

Surely it is not very wonderful that such opinions should be odious to a nation whose own history has been one, century after century, of unavailing struggle against overwhelming odds. The baser sort of Irishman may sometimes have thanked Heaven that he had a country to sell; it certainly never entered into his brain that he had no country at all, that patriotism was not merely unprofitable, but a myth. Neither do the size and material grandeur of the Empire appeal much to the imagination of a race which exhibits a striking example of the tendency, already noticed in this book, to indicate affection by words expressive of littleness and of poverty. The country which Irish men and women love, and to which their longings continually turn in exile, is not the 'Empire upon which the sun never sets,' but *Roseen Dhu*, 'the little black rose,' *Sean bhean bhocht*, 'the poor little old woman.'

But if present-day Imperialism is not likely to make many converts among Irishmen, it does not follow that Ireland must always remain hostile to, or at best indifferent to, the welfare of the Empire itself. True it is that her full claim—a claim based upon the indestructible rights of nationhood—is to Independence. That ideal is far from being dead. It is still the inspiration

of some of the best Irishmen of to-day, but its realization in our own time appears to most of us all but impossible. The complete separation of Ireland from Great Britain could only come about as the result either of an unforeseen and incalculable reversal of the material conditions of the two countries, or of an equally incalculable and, perhaps, even more improbable revolution in the mental attitude of the more prosperous and powerful. Irishmen have to look that fact in the face ; and, doing so, they have through their Parliamentary representatives repeatedly notified their assent to a compromise, of which Union of the Crowns of the two kingdoms is no less an essential part than is Separation of the Legislatures. Home Rule has for more than thirty years been the first plank in the Nationalist platform : the principle, with all that it involves of sacrifice as well as of gain, has been ratified again and again by National conventions : no one with any influence in the National ranks has ever suggested repudiation. Home Rule within the Empire is not all that Ireland, as a Nation, has the right to claim ; but it is part of an inter-national bargain by which she, at least, is prepared loyally to abide.

This aspect of the question has no doubt



been a good deal obscured by the attitude which Irish Nationalists have felt bound to take up in relation to the King's recent visits to Ireland.

Now, there are, of course, Irishmen who, being frankly for independence and nothing short of it, would under any circumstances logically decline to treat a King of England otherwise than as a distinguished foreign visitor. But the position of the vast majority of the people of Ireland is something quite different. Their position is briefly this : so long as national self-government is withheld from them they can do nothing which might be taken as signifying acquiescence in the existing constitution of which the Crown is the head. 'Loyalty,' cried Henry Grattan, 'is a noble, a judicious, a capacious principle, but loyalty distinct from liberty is corruption.'

When the King (God bless him!) comes over to open a free Irish Parliament, he will receive from his Irish subjects a welcome as fervent and as sincere as he or any monarch has ever received in any part of his dominions, and from that welcome the acclaim of many of those who are now most opposed to the presentation of loyal addresses will certainly not be absent. It is surely right to desire a better understanding between two peoples who, under any conditions of

political union or separation, are bound through geographical position and interchange of trade to have continual communications one with the other. Yet we shall make little progress in this direction unless and until each adopts a different point of view from that which obtains at present. That there are faults and errors to correct on the Irish side I am not at all concerned to deny, but it is natural and proper to lay the greater share of the blame upon the shoulders of the 'predominant partner,' who, having the power, refuses to use it in such a way as to render good relations more probable. At any rate, since I conceive myself to be addressing, in the main, an English audience, I may be permitted to point out how inconsistent, and consequently how irritating, is the habitual treatment of Irish demands.

When it is a question of Home Rule or of a readjustment of financial relations, we are told that Ireland is an integral part of the United Kingdom, and cannot be regarded as a separate entity. When, on the other hand, money has to be found from the common exchequer to carry into operation a Land Act, Irishmen are told: 'See what John Bull is doing for you! We hope you are duly grateful!' Now, the Unionist cannot have it both ways. If Paddy is really John Bull himself under another name, it is

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absurd to ask him to experience the emotion of gratitude because his rulers have changed some of his own money out of his right-hand and into his left-hand breeches pocket. If, on the other hand, Paddy is really a 'separate entity,' then it is surely not surprising if he desires to keep his money in his own pockets and spend it in his own way. It is, I know, assumed that he would be unable to get along at all without John's assistance, but that is by no means 'as clear as the old hill of Howth.'

During the last quarter of the eighteenth century, under the rule of her own Parliament, an average revenue of less than £1,500,000, involving taxation of about 9s. per head of her population, sufficed for all the purposes of the government of Ireland, and enabled her, in addition, to maintain a considerable force of armed men for the service of the Empire. To-day the revenue raised in Ireland amounts to over eleven millions and a half per annum, and the sum of her taxes to £2 4s. 2d. per head of her vanishing population.\* No wonder some of us regard the union of Legislature and Exchequers as a rather

\* Return relating to Imperial Revenue (Collection and Expenditure), Great Britain and Ireland, for year ending the 31st day of March, 1903. (Parliamentary Paper, No. 269, of Session 1904.)

expensive luxury for the poorer partner. It is true that expenditure everywhere has enormously increased during the past hundred years. Yet if a State, such as Sweden, which has six and a half millions of population as against our four and a half which has a large commerce, a merchant service, diplomatic and consular representatives, an army and a navy, to say nothing at all of a highly efficient system of education, or of other domestic matters beneath the notice of our Imperialists—if she, I say (and hers is not the only case that might be given), finds a Budget of a little more than five millions sufficient for her needs, why, in the name of common-sense, should Ireland, who cannot command the services of even one gunboat for the protection of her fisheries, or control the education of her own children, be called upon to find nine, and be grateful to Great Britain on top of it all? Though I am far from denying that many Englishmen are full of the most generous feelings towards my country, it is still true that John Bull's attitude towards Ireland resembles more than anything else that of a rather egotistical and rather vulgar man towards a poor relation whom stress of circumstances has made a member of his household. Her little fortune is under his control, and so

also are her actions one and all. He used to ill-treat her savagely once, but of late has grown tired and a little ashamed of that exercise, and in somewhat contemptuous but not altogether unkindly way has begun to desire to 'make it up.' He is condescendingly amused by some of her ways, magnanimously tolerates her superstitions, and praises certain of her accomplishments. Any request for an account of household income and expenditure as between them he naturally resents as an imputation against his well-known financial probity, but he allows her such pocket-money as he thinks fit, and gives her an extra tip sometimes when he is in a good humour. But to suppose that such a person has any right to her own opinions, or can possibly desire to order her life in her own way—the very idea infuriates him past bearing. The ungrateful, rebellious wretch! after all he has done for her—the care of her property, the sound commercial education, the example of a prudent religion (not permitted to interfere unduly with worldly success)—that she should actually want to have a house of her own, live her own life, and educate her children as she pleases! Monstrous!

Yet the fact is that Ireland has a personality which will not be ignored. You

may make of her a friendly or a hostile nation; you can never make her an English shire. If the two nations are to be friends each must respect the other's point of view. No friendship is really possible between two people each of whom at once begins to fume and fret whenever the other dissents from the only view, say, of religious education, which, in his own opinion, befits a sane and honest man.

The difference in outlook as between the two peoples is fundamental. To enlarge upon the causes of this difference would take up too much space. Some of the most vital—religion, history, and perhaps race (though the importance of this is, I think, often exaggerated)—will occur to everyone. At any rate, be the causes what they may, it is an fact that England is to the Irishman a foreign country. It matters little that he may have been born of a good Protestant stock of English or Scottish origin, that he has been brought up to regard Nationalists as 'agitators' and 'rebels,' that he has been educated both at an English private and an English public school, and has passed through an English University. Nor does it matter that he has contracted the most intimate ties with England, that among Englishmen he has found many and dear friends—nay, he may

have made his home there, and may not even desire to return to the country of his birth. Yet, even so, he will not become at heart an Englishman: he will in moments of self-revelation find himself out of touch with English thought; he will know himself a stranger and a sojourner.

The class of resident Irish gentry, indeed, it is apt to fancy itself more English and Imperialist than the Jingoese of England. But with the dying out of the land war, which has, unhappily, tended to place them in direct antagonism to the popular movement (in which Agrarianism and Nationalism have necessarily been blended), it may be reasonably hoped that the descendants of those who gave leaders to Ireland in the seventeenth, eighteenth, and in the early nineteenth centuries will recollect that they are Irishmen. We need not, indeed, expect the men who took part in the life and death struggle of their class during the terrible years between 1879 and 1883 to change their political opinions, but already in the younger generation there is a marked change of tone towards Irish ideals. As yet the change has not much, if at all, affected politics, nor do we know if it will do so. But the seed of Nationalism is there. That which is needed to bring it to perfection seems to be, remarkably enough, contact

with Englishmen. I have known more than one case in which the scion of a good Orange Ulster stock has ripened at Oxford or Cambridge into what is forcibly termed in Ireland a 'hillsider.' Flourishing Irish societies have within the last two or three years been founded at both these Universities, and the study of the Irish language (still looked at askance by pious Irish Unionists as savouring of Popery and sedition) is being keenly pursued.

A mystical friend of mine declares that there is indeed a Genius of the Land who, subtly and unseen, sways the minds and spirits of all those who dwell within her borders, and who, if the entire Irish people were to die out (as indeed seems not improbable), would be equal to the task of turning a new population of Russian Jews into Irishmen, with all the qualities and defects characteristic of the old race. Be this as it may, the attraction which Ireland exercises upon all those who dwell within her borders has long ago been recognised. No political or religious divisions can permanently hinder her work. Not the severest laws availed to prevent the Normans from mingling their blood with the conquered and adopting the dress and customs of the land: the grandson of Edmund Spenser, who so sweetly urged



upon Elizabeth the prompt extermination of 'those vile caitiffs' the Papists of Munster, found himself obliged to choose the second and milder of the alternatives offered by Cromwell to people of his religion (he had become a Catholic), and suffered transplantation to Connaught: the descendants of Cromwell's own Ironsides who settled in Tipperary soon became notorious as Ribbonmen and Land Leaguers: and the greatest Irish leader of our times came of a pure English stock. Even the Protestant bourgeoisie, least pervious to ideas of any class in Ireland, has felt the gentle influence; and I am told on good authority that the demand for books dealing with distinctively Irish subjects has enormously increased during the last two years at the Public Library of Rathmines, the heart of that constituency which some years ago threw over Sir Horace Plunkett, avowedly on account of his supposed Nationalist leanings.

As for the country gentry, I repeat that whenever they forget political catch-words for a moment, they are Irish to a man. Readers of that most amusing of recent Irish books, 'Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.,' will remember old Mrs. Knox of Ausolas (a leader of the 'clan that cropped up in every grade of society in the county

—black Protestants all of them, in virtue of their descent from a godly soldier of Cromwell'). 'She hates all English people,' one of her neighbours remarks. 'She was coming home from London, and when she was getting her ticket the man asked if she had said a ticket for York. "No, thank God, Cork!" says Mrs. Knox.' I dare say the hatred was not very venomous; but the little tale is significant.

Of the gulf which separates the mass of the Irish people—Celtic and almost wholly Catholic—from the people of the sister island it is not necessary to say much. I am not now, it will be borne in mind, speaking of political differences so much as of the diversities of character and feeling which lie behind and govern politics. There have been many books published within the last few years which profess to explain the Irish people to the British reading public. I do not think that among them there are any half so instructive as the two novels in which Father Sheehan, P.P. of Doneraile, has pictured the daily life and thoughts of an Irish priest and his people. Englishmen who read that wholly delightful book, 'My New Curate,' must have felt that they were for the time being enveloped in a wholly unfamiliar and perhaps not very agreeable

atmosphere of thought and feeling. Then, as if to clinch the matter, we have in 'Luke Delmege' a detailed study of the contrasts which the two countries present as seen through the eyes of a young Irish priest who, after his ordination, is for a time placed on the 'English Mission.'

At first he finds in England nothing but an awful, though splendid, materialism, and an equally terrible individualism.

'Sometimes he would stand for a dizzy moment at a chemist's window in London Road, and stare at the swirling, heaving, tossing tide of humanity that poured through the narrow aqueduct. Never a look or a word of recognition amongst all these atoms, who stared steadily before them into space, each intent on coming uppermost by some natural principle of selection.'

The whole system appeared to him like 'a huge piece of perfect and polished mechanism—cold, shining, smooth and regular, but with no more of a soul than a steam-engine.' Later on he discovers human and amiable traits which he had at first supposed absent; and long before his return to Ireland he comes to appreciate and admire the people among whom he has been placed. But, I repeat, from first to last his attitude is that of a traveller in a foreign

country. He sees much to provoke his admiration, much that he desires and afterwards endeavours to have imitated in his own land; but there is always present the sense of strangeness, and more often than not of irreconcilable and eternal differences.

It might seem superfluous to dwell upon these things, were it not that quite intelligent people can still be found to argue that there is no more need to allow for distinct national characteristics in Ireland than in Yorkshire or Sussex. The Irishman, to these people's minds, is nothing but a lazier, dirtier, more turbulent and generally disagreeable (if occasionally amusing) variety of the Briton. To myself, as, I cannot but believe, to everyone who has lived in both countries, such a view is quite ludicrously wrong. Daily intercourse with the people of the two islands really affords the best evidence of their profound dissimilarities. But if some objective proof be required I should be inclined to look for it, not so much in the political sphere as in the growth of the Irish language movement. This movement, derided by the wise as impractical and denounced by the 'loyalist' as seditious, has been spreading with extraordinary rapidity among all classes of Irishmen during the last few years. With little at first sight to recommend it (since,

as the prudent were not slow to point out, a study of French, or German, or even of shorthand, would be far more likely to put money into a needy young Irishman's pocket), but just because it made an appeal to something deep down in the hearts of the people, it has swept over the country, changing and dominating thought ; and behind it have sprung up all manner of new efforts, temperance societies, industrial leagues, and village libraries. There has been a true re-awakening of the Irish intellect. Now, how many English men or women could you find in all Yorkshire or Sussex to form a class for the study of the Gaelic tongue? Yet, if there is no difference between the inhabitants of the two islands, except the accidental differences of locality and greater or less wealth or culture, it should be as easy to find Gaelic scholars in Yorkshire as, say, in the county of Dublin, where Irish has not been a generally spoken tongue these two hundred years. For a recent writer tells us that there is as much Celtic blood in Yorkshire or Sussex as in North Munster or Leinster.\* Nevertheless we find that Celtic language and literature have a significance for all Irishmen—even

\* 'Keltic Research,' by William Byron Nicholson, M.A., Bodley Librarian in the University of Oxford. (H. Frowde, 1904.)

those of non-Celtic stock—which they cannot have for any Englishman, no matter what the origin of his family.

But it may be said that national differences, even if admitted, do not necessarily imply hostility between the two peoples (a statement in which I heartily concur), and that, consequently, as it is supposed, the constitutional relations of the two countries need no revision (a conclusion from which I as heartily dissent). At this point in the argument the example of Scotland is sure to be quoted. 'The national type of the Scot is,' you will say, 'at least as strongly marked as that of the Irishman. He has, in some respects, a prouder history and a better claim to separate government. Yet he contrives to get along very happily within the constitution as now settled. Why cannot you do likewise?' The question has already been answered in advance by Mr. Chesterton, but perhaps I may be permitted to add a word or two from the Irish point of view. In the first place, the persistence of a national type in Scotland unaffected by the country's political absorption in Great Britain is frankly admitted. Widely as the Scotch and Irish characters differ one from the other, each seems to differ far more widely from the English, if, at least,

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one may judge from R. L. Stevenson's delightful essay, 'The Foreigner at Home,' a study of the contrasts of English and Scottish temperament, almost every word of which appears to me applicable to a similar study of English and Irish. But then, not only was the Union of the Crowns of England and Scotland arrived at in a manner actually flattering to the pride of the latter country, but her national feeling was again most carefully and wisely considered in the Union of the Legislatures a century later. At the very moment when the Bishops and most of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland were being hunted through the mountains like wolves, when rewards were publicly offered for their apprehension, when Mass could in many places only be celebrated by stealth on the hill-sides,\* the Church of the

\* Under the provisions of an Act of 1703 some 1,080 Roman Catholic priests were registered and permitted to follow their vocation, though under the severest restrictions. But all bishops and deans, and all the 'regulars,' and all unregistered clergy, were treated as criminals. They were liable, on apprehension, to be imprisoned and banished, and, if they returned, to be hanged, disembowelled, and quartered. 'Nor,' writes Mr. Lecky, 'were these idle words. The law of 1709 offered a reward of £50 to anyone who secured the conviction of any Catholic archbishop, bishop, dean, or vicar-general. In their own dioceses, in the midst of a purely Catholic country, in the performance of religious duties which

majority of the Scottish people was established and loaded with every mark of royal favour. There were in Scotland no general confiscations such as in Ireland repeatedly shook the foundations of social life; for the forfeitures of the '15 and the '45 in no way affected the social relations of the owners and occupiers of the soil. There were no penal laws enacted against seven-eighths of the nation. Scotland, again, has had no bureaucracy similar to that of Dublin Castle. In a word, her government has never at any time ceased to be national. Scotland has always been ruled by Scots, and the speeches of Scottish Members of the House of Commons are replied to from the Treasury Bench in accents rich and racy as their own. I admit at once the inference that Home Rule is not necessarily, and in all cases, inconsistent with the maintenance of a common Parliament. But the circumstances of Scotland which rendered this possible for her have unhappily no counterpart in the case of Ireland, and for my

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were absolutely essential to the maintenance of their religion, the Catholic bishops were compelled to live in obscure hovels, and under feigned names, moving continually from place to place, meeting their flocks under shadow of the night, not infrequently taking refuge from their pursuers in caverns or among the mountains. The position of friars and unregistered priests was very similar' (Lecky, 'History of Ireland in the 18th Century,' vol. i., p. 160).



own part I am profoundly sceptical of the possibility of successfully replacing the rule of 'the Castle,' except by an executive directly responsible to a national assembly representative of the Irish people. Those ties of common origin, a common tradition, and common feeling which in other countries bind rulers and people together in mutual support, have in Ireland been too thoroughly destroyed.

However, it is not on the details of politics that I desire to dwell. The machinery of reform will easily be found when once there is a just appreciation of the problem with which the reformer has to deal. My contention is, briefly, that the phrase 'Ireland a Nation' expresses not merely an ideal, but an existing fact. Only the narrowest of pseudo-legal pedantry denies Ireland's right to the title. You may say that ancient Ireland never had a national government covering the entire island and accepted by all her septs; and you may point to Brian Boru's life-work of unification, undone by Irish hands within a few days after his greatest victory and death. I answer that the exact status of the Ard-Righ is for my purpose a matter of complete indifference. Or again, you may point to the strife between the Irish chieftains which was the occasion of the first coming

of the Normans, and you may remind me how some four centuries later the chains of Ireland were riveted at Kinsale by the Connaught levies of Clanrickarde, and how the heroism and genius of Owen Roe O'Neill were rendered useless by the factions of Kilkenny. I answer that the work which Irishmen failed to do for themselves has been done by their rulers. Her people have been slowly welded together by the blows of Fortune. Whether or no Ireland was a nation when Brian Boru died, or when Strongbow came, she is a nation now. If the British descent and Unionist opinions of a section of the people of Ulster be thought to invalidate my argument, I answer that neither political unanimity regarding the form of the constitution itself nor racial homogeneity is necessary to national existence. If the first be supposed essential, then France was no nation in those great days when the French revolutionary armies were overrunning Europe and French *émigrés* were planning the overthrow of the new Republic. If the second, then England is not a nation, and never can be one. Moreover, there is far more national feeling in Ulster than most people—perhaps than even Ulster men themselves—are aware. Abuse each other as they may, Irishmen of different religious

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and political opinions have yet bonds of intimate union which do not exist between either Irish party and the most sympathetic of Englishmen or Scotchmen. The Irish nation is something greater than any political party. Ireland, in Parnell's phrase, cannot afford to lose any of her sons. Irish Nationalism is not a passing fancy to be killed by kindness; it is not a disorder to be cured even by the most prolonged course of 'resolute government.' It is a spirit whose sway is coextensive with the Irish people and indestructible save through their annihilation.

If it be but once realized that Ireland is not a weaker, poorer, less progressive England, but a nation with something to give to the world which cannot be given save at her hands, the Irish problem will, so far as Englishmen are concerned, have ceased to exist. For Irishmen it will remain to carry forward the task proposed to the Irish Parliament by Henry Grattan in 1788 :

'In the arts that polish life, the manufactures that adorn it, you will for many years be inferior to some other parts of Europe; but to nurse a growing people, to mature a struggling though hardy community, to mould, to multiply, to consolidate, to inspire, and to exalt a young nation—be these your barbarous accomplishments!'

## THE CASE OF MACEDONIA

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

ON returning from the war between Greece and Turkey in 1897 I remember trying to describe the feelings of the English people with regard to what had been going on in Turkey, Armenia, and Crete just before the war broke out. For eighteen months we had been sickened by a succession of massacres, carried out in some cases by the direct order of the Sultan, and in some cases with his connivance, the agents of murder being always rewarded for their services. Though there were probably not ten people in the Empire who enjoyed their dinner less on that account, there was an uneasy feeling that something ought to be done. Lord Salisbury had publicly warned the Sultan that he must set his house in order, and in that warning he fairly represented the national conscience.

It was dimly remembered that, less than twenty years before, England had solemnly undertaken the defence of the Sultan's Asiatic possessions for all future time in consideration of the gift of Cyprus and a

promise to introduce all necessary reforms in Armenia. So when Lord Rosebery came forward and stated that he had always believed the Cyprus Convention of 1878 was a dead letter from its very signature,\* and that in any case the obligations of a treaty could not be expected to last for twenty years, it was felt that a good deal of diplomatic training and historic parallelism was needed before such an excuse for inaction could be made to appear decent.

To many people, indeed, there seemed to be more reason as well as more honour in Mr. Gladstone's view of our national obligation when, in one of his last public utterances, the aged leader wrote :

'England may give for herself the most solemn pledges in the most binding shape, but she now claims the right of referring it to some other person or persons, State or States not consulted or concerned in her act, to determine whether she shall endeavour to the utmost of her ability to fulfil them. If this doctrine is really to be adopted, I would respectfully propose that the old word "honour" should be effaced from our dictionaries and dropped from our language.'†

In their hearts most people regarded this as the fair and natural view, and it was, in any case, a little difficult to explain away

\* Speech at Edinburgh, October 9, 1896.

† *Nineteenth Century*, October, 1896.

the Cyprus Convention as long as we continued to enjoy the possession of Cyprus. But, unhappily for the cause of those who believed in national responsibility, there was a general opinion in the country that, whether something was done or not, the days of the Turkish Empire were numbered. The Sultan appeared to have been smitten by that insanity which is known to precede destruction by Heaven, and it was therefore illogically argued that Heaven wished to destroy him. People who hesitated even to stake a penny in the defence of his helpless victims sought their justification in the text: 'Vengeance is Mine: I will repay, saith the Lord,' and in leaving further action to a higher power they chose a course which seemed to them at once secure, reverential, and cheap. Turkey had been so long reported rotten as well as cruel that circum-spect persons imagined she would fall to pieces of herself, and it seemed almost impious to make a stir when, without mortal aid, the inevitable and Heaven-directed dismemberment of a nefarious Empire was being so satisfactorily accomplished as the punishment for crime.

But in this instance Providence has not acted up to pious expectation. Divine penalty, left to go its own pace, has been disappointingly slow. Nearly eight years

have passed, and we are again confronted by a situation almost exactly similar. Again we have been harrowed by a prolonged story of outrage and massacre, culminating, so far, in the general devastation of the Christian villages of Macedonia in August and September, 1903, and the deliberate attempt to exterminate their Bulgarian inhabitants by hunger, cold, and butchery. Again we have had an uneasy feeling that something ought to be done. Again we have been reminded that England was in an especial manner responsible for these tormented and slaughtered people. It was not only that after the Crimean War, which we waged in defence of the Turkish Empire, we extracted the most solemn pledges of reform and good government from the Sultan as some return for our services in keeping him in Europe. The guarantees provided by the Hatti-Humayoun and the Hatti-Sherif of 1856 were, no doubt, generally forgotten, though they still possess a certain ironic interest, like the 'love and cherish' of a wife-murderer.\*

\* Here are a few interesting passages, first from the Treaty of Paris, Article IX. (1856):

'His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, having, in his constant solicitude for the welfare of his subjects, issued a firman which, while ameliorating their condition, without distinction of religion or of race,

Those who watched the Near East knew well enough that not a single point of the Sultan's vows in 1856 had ever been carried out in letter or spirit. But the Treaty of Paris had been submerged by the 'Bulgarian atrocities,' the Russo-Turkish war of 1877, and the Treaty of Berlin, and it was

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records his generous intentions towards the Christian population of his Empire, and wishing to give a further proof of his sentiments in that respect, has resolved to communicate to the Contracting Powers the said firman, emanating spontaneously from his sovereign will.'

The firman, thus emanating and thus communicated, so that in reality it forms part of the Treaty of Paris, is the Hatti-Sherif, issued March 5, 1856, and contains the clauses :

'Thanks to the Almighty, from day to day the happiness of the nation and the wealth of my dominions go on increasing.

'My most earnest desire is to insure the happiness of all classes of the subjects whom Divine Providence has placed under my Imperial sceptre.

'The guarantees promised by the Hatti-Humayoun are confirmed.

'Every distinction or designation tending to make any class of Turkish subjects inferior to another class, on account of religion, language, or race, shall be for ever effaced from the Administrative Protocol.

'All subjects shall be admissible to public employments.

'All suits between subjects of different religions shall be referred to mixed tribunals conducted in public.



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of these things and of our responsibilities involved in them that a dim remembrance still survived. It was remembered that by the Treaty of San Stefano, which Russia concluded with Turkey at the gates of Constantinople early in 1878, practically the whole of the district we call Macedonia received its freedom as part of the Principality of Bulgaria, and that but for the intervention of England in support of her own supposed interests, none of these massacres and outrages would have happened, but the country would have made as much progress in peace and security as Bulgaria itself has made. It was remembered, too, that the Treaty of Berlin was due almost entirely to England's desire (in Lord Beaconsfield's words at the Congress)

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'Prisons shall be reformed so as to reconcile the rights of humanity with those of justice.'

'Everything that resembles torture shall be entirely abolished.'

'The police shall be reorganized so as to give all peaceable subjects the strongest guarantees for safety of person and property.'

'Taxes shall be levied from all equally, and a system of direct collection shall be substituted for the plan of tax-farming in all branches of the State revenues.'

'The local taxes shall be imposed so as not to affect the sources of production.'

'Steps shall be taken for the construction of roads and canals.'

‘to strengthen Turkey as much as possible,’ and that by that treaty the three vilayets which we call Macedonia were again restored to the Sultan’s dominion, with such results as we see.

Another thing was called to mind. When Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Bulgaria were rescued from Turkish rule, while Roumania and Servia obtained absolute independence, but the vilayets of Macedonia were given back after their brief glimpse of liberty, the Sultan pledged himself with every due solemnity to introduce reforms and establish good government there. By Articles in the Treaty he expressly undertook to observe a similar constitution to the Organic Law of Crete (which provided a legislative and elected Assembly, reformed Courts, and a Governor-General who might be a Christian), as well as entire equality for all religions in the matter of tribunals and public employments.\*

\* The main clauses concerned are as follows :

Article XXIII.—‘Similar laws to the Organic Law of 1868 in Crete, adapted to local requirements, shall also be introduced into the other parts of Turkey in Europe, for which no special organization has been provided by the present Treaty.

‘The Sublime Porte shall depute special Commissions, in which the native element shall be largely represented, to settle the details of the new laws in each province.

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England even went so far in 1880 as to send out Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice as member of the Commission appointed under Article XXIII., and his report to Lord Granville contains some criticisms which go to the heart of the whole question of Turkish reforms. Writing on the entire inadequacy of the new 'Law of the Vilayets,' he observed :

'The new law continues the same bad system of local administration which has done so much to ruin this country. It spreads a complicated, and, at the same time, highly centralized, system of local government over the land. It presupposes the existence of a large number of capable and honest men, while, as a matter of fact, it is notorious that one of the chief difficulties in Turkey is to find a sufficient number of persons able to perform the most ordinary duties of administration. Complete efficiency is the only thing

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'The schemes of organization resulting from these labours shall be submitted for examination to the Sublime Porte, which, before promulgating the Acts for putting them into force, shall consult the European Commission instituted for Eastern Roumelia.

Article LXII.—'In no part of the Ottoman Empire shall difference of religion be alleged against any person as a ground for exclusion or incapacity as regards the discharge of civil and political rights, admission to the public employments, functions, and honours, or the exercise of the various professions and industries.

'All persons shall be permitted, without any distinction of religion, to give evidence before the tribunals.'

which can make such a system enduring. The result in Turkey has been nothing except the creation of an enormous class of officials sent from Constantinople, who make it their principal business to prevent anything being done, and are an enormous burden to the provinces.\*

And again, in a later despatch, Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice wrote :

'Judging from the past conduct of the Porte, it is not unreasonable to suppose that every attempt will be made, by delays and subterfuges, to evade the acceptance of the new law. . . . If the Porte is sufficiently ill-advised to reject the counsels of the Powers, and to refuse to set its house in order, it requires no extraordinary foresight to understand that the days of the Turkish Empire in Europe will, in that case, ere long be numbered.†

One cannot say what limit the writer may have implied in the phrase 'ere long.' Twenty-four years have passed, and though it is, of course, still quite certain that the days of the Turkish Empire in Europe are numbered, the growing jealousies of the Powers, the growing indifference of England to the cry of oppression, and the growing commercialism of Germany, have given the fabric an appearance of greater strength than it wore in 1880, when Mr. Gladstone

\* To Lord Granville, 'Turkey, No. 15 (1880),' p. 15.

† To Lord Granville, 'Turkey, No. 15 (1880),' p. 244.

has just come into power. In every other respect Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice's insight and foresight have been justified.

However, after Lord Beaconsfield had secured peace with honour—such honour as consists in handing back enfranchised slaves to their masters—England did make a few gasping attempts, like this mission of Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, to secure some sort of protection for the peoples she had sacrificed. Then, in common with the other Powers, she forgot them, hoping all was well, and having a large amount of other business on hand. There is one military command thoroughly understood in Turkey; it is the command, 'As you were.' It would be too much to say the Turks hastened to obey it, but they dawdled, loitered, and yawned back into their former state. In a year or two it was seen there had been no change. Under no paper reform scheme ever yet devised has there been any change in Turkey. Year after year the old abuses continued, as unchecked by the tender mercies of the Powers after the Berlin Treaty as by the Sultan's 'constant solicitude for the welfare of his subjects' after the Treaty of Paris. They continue still. The Christians are still forbidden to bear arms, while every Mohammedan may go about hung with weapons,

like an ancient trophy or a military Christmas-tree. The taxes are still farmed, and a nominal tithe of the produce becomes an eighth under the tax-collector's pressure. The Christian villages still have to employ the *bekchi*, or rural guards, for defence, and must still pay them in cash, in food and lodging, and in blackmail, or, failing blackmail, in rights over the women and marriageable girls. They still have to pay the Turkish landowner close upon half their produce as rent, not to mention an unlimited amount of forced labour in Turkish fields. The assessments, both of taxes and rent, are capricious as well as ruinous. The harvest must be left on the field till it is valued, and the *zaptiehs* often carry off the whole. Justice is still a matter of *baksheesh*, and a victim must be bought out or be left to rot in gaol. Villages are pillaged, men are murdered, women are outraged with impunity, because a Christian's evidence does not count against a Turk's. Torture is freely used to induce confession, and, especially under the excuse of the search for hidden arms, almost unimaginable cruelties are practised even by regular officers.\*

\* Instances of torture, as at Konsko, where two regular officers confessed to their abominations, will be found in the Bluebooks—*e.g.*, 'Turkey, No. 2

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It has been well said by a writer in the *Times* of April 2, 1904 :

'It is not the actual bloodshed, the occasional outbreaks of savagery, that do most to render life intolerable in Turkey. Far more serious is the absence of security, the sense that a catastrophe is always possible, the pervading fear that stays men's hands and fills their days with panics and suspicions.'

But, unhappily, it is only the actual bloodshed, only the occasional outbreaks of savagery, that attract the attention of Europe. Prolonged misery and perpetual degradation are easily disregarded as belonging to the nature of things. It is only when blood is poured out at random, and the tale of outrage rises to a cry, that the officials who direct the Great Powers are compelled unwillingly to listen. Indifference then becomes dangerous, for people outside the Turkish frontiers do not like to hear of their own kin suffering the outrage and butchery from which they themselves have lately escaped ; and, besides, there are a considerable number of people scattered throughout Europe who still possess bowels

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(1904)'—Report for October 30, 1903. For other abuses, see Mr. Arthur Evans' letter to the *Times*, October 1, 1903 ; Mr. H. N. Brailsford's article in the *Fortnightly* for September, 1903 ; and Mr. Noel Buxton on 'The Macedonian Question' (Byron Society, 1902).

of compassion, and so the insurrection of despair arises. It does not aim at victory or success. It aims at disaster, and its only hope is that the horror of its suppression may reach the ears that are deaf to all the appeals of justice unless accompanied by the cries of murder.

As far as horrors go, the movement has lately succeeded almost beyond expectation. The butchery began in 1902, gradually increasing up to the autumn of that year. In the spring of 1903, while the first Austro-Russian scheme of reforms was helplessly collapsing, the massacres rapidly developed. After a lull of a few weeks during harvest, they broke out again with extreme violence in August, and lasted about two months. Going through part of the vilayet of Monastir in October and November, when a Turkish peace had been re-established, I found practically all the villages of Bulgarian Christians pillaged and destroyed by fire. The bones of the massacred were lying about among the ruins of their homes, or recent graves marked the places where the unarmed victims had fallen. The survivors, who had escaped to the mountains, were then returning to the ruins, and making little hutches of straw in which they spent the winter. They were trying to live upon



little stores of maize, which they pounded between stones, and there was much sickness and death. Many of the women still lay stupefied by the horrors they had undergone. Girls had lost their reason on finding themselves with child from violation, and were howling like dogs. The wounded were rotting alive, not daring even to seek dressing for their wounds. By plunder or fire the villagers had lost everything they possessed—cattle, furniture, clothes, implements, seed, and all the needlework, rugs, and bedding which they spend years in making for the dowry of their daughters.

In the vilayet of Monastir alone there were about 120 villages in ruins, and but for the relief distributed by Henry Brailsford, Mrs. Brailsford, and a few other English people, the villagers would have died by thousands. It was the Sultan's hope that they would die. In October Misurus Pasha in London was instructed to ask Lord Lansdowne to stop the relief. Lord Lansdowne naturally replied that he was 'shocked beyond measure' at such a request, adding that the condition of the people was mainly the consequence of the conduct of Turkish troops, and that immeasurably greater ruin and destruction had been wrought by the Turkish soldiers

than by the insurgents'\*—a statement which must have been welcomed as a salutary chastisement by the Prime Minister, who in his ignorance had dared to talk about the 'balance of criminality' lying with the insurgents themselves.† It is true that for very shame our Ambassador at Constantinople was compelled to explain this phrase as of purely Parliamentary character, disguised for purposes of esoteric debate; but it will stick to Mr. Balfour as a label of official indifference or misinformed credulity.

Thus the tale of horrors duly followed the rising against intolerable wrongs—wronges which the Christian peoples of Macedonia have suffered for five centuries rather than abandon their ancient form of religion. But the only answer of Europe to the appeal of blood was the second Austro-Russian reform scheme, constructed at Mürtsteg, and published in October, 1903. On this occasion also England, like the other Powers, handed over her responsibilities to the two which had 'the chief interest' in the districts concerned. Certainly they had the chief interest, just as two residuary legatees might be said to have the chief interest in watching a house where the

\* Macedonian Bluebook, 'Turkey, No. 2 (1904),' p. 47.

† Speech in Commons, August, 1903.

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testator was being murdered. I mean their interest was obvious, but it did not necessarily coincide with the interest of the suffering party. All winter long, during the invaluable months when some sign of hope might have been shown to a desperate people, the scheme was being idly discussed amidst all the comfort of Oriental diplomacy. With entire success, the Porte fell back upon its arts of prevarication and delay. Those who knew the country best never thought very highly of the scheme, but the clause appointing international officers to command the gendarmerie did at least promise something that the villagers could see with their own eyes. Bit by bit the scheme, which was declared to be 'the irreducible minimum,'\* was reduced. Bit by bit its essentials were whittled away, and now that spring has come (I write in May, 1904) we are left with two Civil Agents, who are supposed to sit for the cause of justice beside Hilmi Pasha, and do actually dine with him, but are otherwise admitted, even by Lord Lansdowne,

\* 'Turkey, No. 2 (1904),' November 13, 1903. Count Lamsdorff stated to Mr. Spring-Rice at St. Petersburg the reforms for Macedonia were 'the irreducible minimum.' Writing to Sir Nicholas O'Connor on October 29, 1903, Lord Lansdowne said the reforms of the previous February were 'a minimum of what was indispensable.'

to be entirely useless.\* We are left with twenty-five instead of sixty European officers, who will wear a kind of Turkish uniform, far from reassuring to the villagers, and, instead of holding command in the gendarmerie, will act only as a sort of inspectors. The non-commissioned officers, who were to have assisted in the reorganization, have disappeared from view. So have the other clauses.

Lord Lansdowne has stated that, if the scheme failed, England reserved to herself the entire liberty to take into consideration and to propose alternative and more far-reaching measures.† What limit is to mark the failure? Is blood again to be our only assurance of oppression? Hitherto the one definite effect of the reform schemes has been to increase the centralization, founded on suspicion and distrust, which is the vice of Turkish administration, so far as it administers at all.‡ Instead of the Consuls, we have the useless Civil Agents; instead of the Valis, we have Hilmi Pasha. Let us be just to a remarkable man in a hopeless position. Hilmi is, perhaps, the hardest working Turk ever born. There is no limit to the

\* Speech in the Lords, May 6, 1904.

† Speech on the Address, February 2, 1904.

‡ Letter of a *Times* correspondent, April 2, 1904.

number of officials he will see, the number of despatches he will read, the number of orders he will give. But no one seems a penny the better. The more serious and honourable we assume his intentions to be, the more hopeless is his position. On one side he has the Sultan, on the other that host of administrators who cannot administer. We are brought back to the central error which Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice pointed out : we are dealing with a system ' which presupposes the existence of a large number of capable and honest men, while, as a matter of fact, it is notorious that one of the chief difficulties in Turkey is to find a sufficient number of persons able to perform the most ordinary duties of administration.' It is not that Turkey will not reform ; she cannot reform. It is in vain that Hilmi Pasha wastes his life giving audiences and dictating orders. Realities do not enter into his existence. The true condition of the villagers—their sufferings, oppression, and complaints—mean no more to him than his decrees for their immediate amelioration mean to them. He might as well decree reforms for the Dog Star. One cannot say whether he is the greatest soul now doomed to the officials' paradise, but even in that circle of limbo it is hard to imagine a soul more hopelessly damned.

As for England, she stands as she has twice stood before—in 1876 and 1896—clutching at any fear and any scruple that may seem to condone inaction and stifle the protest of honour. In 1876, when Servia rose, Lord Beaconsfield, then our Prime Minister, exclaimed in horror that ‘the secret societies of Europe had declared war upon Turkey.’ In 1904 Mr. Balfour exclaims in horror that we will not allow ourselves to be made the cat’s-paw of any revolutionary intrigues.\* In 1896 Lord Salisbury, then our Prime Minister, despaired of saving Armenia because we could not send our fleet to Lake Van. In 1904 Mr. Balfour despairs of saving Macedonia because some of the difficulties are ‘irremediable.’† Both excuses are welcome. Where other people’s troubles are concerned there is nothing so soothing as despair. It acquits us of effort. And as to the insurgents, comfortable people with settled habits and secure livelihood feel a natural distrust of the unhappy who will not keep still. Our poorer brethren are picturesque and interesting objects as long as they submit themselves dutifully to the powers that be ; but let the starving, outraged, and persecuted people of the earth

\* Speech to Primrose League, Albert Hall, May 6, 1904.

† *Ibid.*

raise a little finger in their own defence, all the rattlesnakes of apprehensive prosperity are aroused, and in terror or contempt they join the common hiss against 'secret societies,' 'revolutionary intrigues,' and 'anarchists.' It is an old tale. We remember Mazzini, Garibaldi, Kossuth, and all the other champions of freedom, and we pass on.

For ourselves there are two main things to consider. In the first place, is there to be a Statute of Limitations for national honour? If the terms of a treaty are troublesome and inconvenient, is there a limit of years after which we may let them slide without disgrace? In hopes of securing certain supposed advantages for ourselves, we gave these people over to the misrule which has brought them to their present misery, while we eased our consciences by extracting promises of reform. The promises have never been fulfilled, but we continue to hold our supposed advantages. Would it not have been more honest to have fixed a date after which the Turk might begin to ravish and murder without our concern? It is not as though the problem in Macedonia were insoluble. There have been mixed races and rival races in all the countries and States that have been delivered from Turkish dominion, and all without exception

have prospered. In the lesser instances of the Lebanon, Eastern Roumelia and Crete, the appointment of a Governor not responsible to Constantinople, but to some of the Powers themselves, was sufficient to establish tranquillity, and the 'revolutionary intrigues' in Macedonia aim at nothing more. There is no reason to suppose that under such a government the Bulgarian villagers, though now degraded and stupefied by five centuries of oppression, would not rise to the level of their kinspeople over the frontier, who possess many of the best qualities to be found in the Balkan Peninsula. The so-called Greeks, who are in most cases Slavs or Roumanians by descent, would quickly acquiesce in a rule that secured them trade and justice, while the territorial claims of the Athenian politicians can be ignored after their unspeakable treachery in aiding the Sultan to retain Christians under the yoke from which they themselves have been delivered by the help of the Powers. As to Albania, that will be the next province to win unity and independence, and the Albanians, being the dominant race in their country, and having the right to bear arms, are peculiarly capable of looking after themselves.

To the English traveller in Macedonia, and in Albania, too, it is pathetic to observe



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with what trustful confidence the people turn their eyes to England still. Balked, forsaken, betrayed and disappointed as they have been time after time, they still look to us as the nation capable of unselfish justice and as the truest vindicators of freedom. In spite of our Turkish policy, which has threatened to become a tradition, it seems as though they perceived instinctively that higher tradition of which Mr. Gladstone spoke :

‘There were other days when England was the hope of freedom. Wherever in the world a high aspiration was entertained, or a noble blow was struck, it was to England that the eyes of the oppressed were always turned. You talk to me of the established tradition and policy in regard to Turkey. I appeal to an established tradition older, wider, nobler far—a tradition, not which disregards British interests, but which teaches you to seek the promotion of those interests in obeying the dictates of honour and justice.’\*

The words suggest the second consideration now before us in this crisis : What kind of a reputation do we wish our country to have in foreign affairs ? In the present condition of Turkey we see an instance of Empire—an extreme instance in the horror of its results, it is true, but differing in no main principle from any Empire which seeks to extend its power over diverse and

\* Speech in the House of Commons, May 7, 1877.

reluctant peoples. In Russia, Austria, and Germany we see other instances of Empire. We see that, in the mere expectation of being able at some future time to extend their power over diverse and reluctant peoples, they are now making themselves the sport of the Sultan, while with perfunctory and mitigated protests they contemplate the ruin, massacre, and possible extermination of the men and women they are pledged to defend. We ourselves in recent years have done much to bring the ideals and methods of our own Empire down to the level of these other Imperial States. By our devastations of the Boer Republics, by our resolve to subjugate those free communities against their will, we have provided even the Sultan and Hilmi Pasha with examples which they naturally quote with great effect. By our refusal to Ireland of liberties which the rest of the United Kingdom has long enjoyed, we have allowed our enemies to say that our zeal for freedom and self-government can be shut off when we please. Our action on these two points within the last ten years has not only tarnished our most enviable prestige, it has lowered the standard of international morality throughout the world. We have provided an excuse and defence for others whose aims are more openly selfish and

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despotic than our own. But throughout the Near East the memory of our policy under Canning, Russell, and Gladstone still lingers. One of the shrewdest and most influential of our Consuls in Turkey told me last November that the first question people asked themselves out there was still 'What will England say?' It is not too late to retrieve our reputation as a race capable of chivalry, humanity, and a disinterested love of freedom. It is not too late to abandon the bagman's ideal which calls the flag an asset and measures success by the acquisition of markets, and to revert to that other tradition which is 'older, wider, nobler far.'

## THE CASE OF SOUTH AFRICA

By J. L. HAMMOND

**T**HE South African War, with all its tangled motives and its miscellaneous enthusiasms, was a great crisis in the struggle between Imperialism and Nationalism. It was, of course, much else as well. It was partly the result of financial influences, whose genius, power, success, and detachment from all national preoccupations are daily becoming more clearly recognised. It was partly the result of rivalries that had been sharpened into exasperations by the persistent malice with which two races had been told that they hated each other. It was condoned, or supported, by many who thought that our position in South Africa was threatened, and that a great manifestation of our resources and our tenacity was necessary to establish and fortify our interests. But, amid all these forces, panic, anger, the sting of violent memories, the bewilderments and perplexities of fatalism, one passion emerges into a dignity and importance of its own, for it was the passion that sustained the war, the passion known as Imperialism,

or a genuine, unhesitating, devoted belief that we were conquering a misgoverned country, in order to endow it with a beneficent civilization ; to bestow on it some unique and sovereign order of things, of which we alone possessed the secret.

That fanaticism survived disappointments, surprises, and even the strain—for however much human nature is hardened in a protracted war, it is a strain—the strain of inflicting a great deal of undeserved misery on the defenceless. Other things reinforced this constancy, but the main reason that men who recognised that they were passing the harrow over a brave population defending its freedom kept their composure, their happiness, and their determination, was that they believed they were doing a grim duty. They could not hide from themselves the horrors of what they were doing. To burn and waste a country, to impose on women a life of hunted and homeless vagrancy, to organize famine, to buy from the enemy's ranks all the perfidy at the hire of victorious invasion—these things were odious, and only not intolerable to many of the supporters of the war. They were borne, they were accepted, they were almost praised, just because Imperialism is a religion, a religion sparing no man and no nation. Man will do or sanction cruel things from avarice, from fear, or from

a challenged obstinacy ; but no cruelty is so determined as that which is presented in the light of the sacrifices demanded by a faith austere and single-eyed. What was human freedom, what was love of country, what were the little transitory lives of men and women, their homes, their customs, their paltry affections, in that hour of stern and rapacious duty ?

If this one passion, implacable and inexorable, maintained the war for conquest it was one passion, implacable and inexorable, that maintained the war for freedom. This was clear, at any rate, before the war was ended. Many English people had invested the Boer imagination with a Napoleonic grandeur of aggression. They had supposed that the reluctance of these farmers, whose minds moved slowly, to fling their franchise to a very various and troublesome population of immigrants concealed some grandiose ambition of driving the British into the sea. Or they pointed to the mind of the Boer President, apt to dwell on fixed ideas and prejudices, unfriendly to strangers, scanning suspiciously the most innocent diplomacy, darkened by a morose piety, dominated by anxious and disquieting memories, as a proof that the Boer belonged to an unteachable past, and that the war was the consequence of his repugnance to any-

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thing modern or enlightened. These were favourite theories in the early months of the war. Later it was suggested that if peace lingered it was because the leaders of the commandoes had an interest in war, or had ceased to have an interest in civilized government. But the last months of the war silenced these negligible hypotheses in all but negligible quarters. The brunt of that long-drawn resistance was borne by men who had befriended reform, hospitality, and an extended franchise in the Transvaal, who had known no serious quarrel with the British, and loved their country with a patriotism that was tolerant, and genial, and free from the rancour and suspicion of the past. Whatever might have been thought of the earlier phases of the war, nobody could have supposed that General Botha, or General de la Rey, or General de Wet, or President Steyn, chose the lingering miseries of the last year of that hopeless struggle because they did not wish to see the Outlanders enfranchised, or because they hoped to rid South Africa of one of its two white races. It was not some odd perversity that made General de Wet choose to ride like a thief into the town his father had named. There was nothing ambiguous or equivocal in their conduct or its motives. It is true that men, who had often praised war as the solvent of the selfish

apathies of peace, refused to believe that any set of reasonable human beings could act as these Boer farmers were acting, and disobey so obvious a duty as that which bade them sacrifice their country rather than prolong the miseries of resistance. But for the Boers those ancient phrases about love of country and war as the great ordeal—so often on the lips of men whose endurance is vicarious—were here on mortal trial. They loved the freedom of their country, even with that country in rags and ruins, better than all the pleasant gifts of the conqueror, even when the conqueror offered to change the sword for golden ploughshares. They thought of desertion what Lord Halsbury thought of resistance—that it was madness. This everyone knows who has read the story of what was probably the last conversation Christian de Wet was to hold with his brother Piet de Wet in this world. The war had sifted out the weak, the doubtful, the men who put their human pity before their country. The survivors had had burnt into their minds the horrors of what they were doing. They rode and rode over the charred veldt; they saw, wasted and dishevelled, the lonely and silent farms they had won from savage nature and savage man; they watched the sure advance of famine; they knew that their women were



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dying as the natives died in the Bombay plague; but they were sustained by a passion strong enough to bear the strain of watching all this misery inflicted on the defenceless. For them their duty was stern and unmis-takable. It was not until they realized that resistance meant the annihilation of their race that the twelve Boer leaders met at midnight in a small room to sign away the freedom of the two republics.

All that was great, constant, lasting in the conflict belonged then to one or other of these qualities. What made the war a great crisis in this spiritual struggle was not only that Imperialism had conquered Nationalism in the field, but also that the Imperialists had conquered the Nationalists in their struggle for the mastery of the national mind of England. The fact is a catastrophe, but the reason is not obscure. In the general reaction and fatigue that had settled down over politics since the defeat of Home Rule, men had lost their grip of so simple and elementary a part of Western Liberalism as the doctrine that the identity of a nation is to be respected. Imperialism captured and usurped the mind of England, largely because it found that mind vacant and groping. Imperialism is a most formidable power. It draws in its orbit many strange and sinister enthusiasms, but it remains a

religion, a creed of duty, an ideal of devoted self-sacrifice, a vision of British power ordering, enlightening, and developing the world. It depends, of course, on reasons of force ; but it implies discipline, self-devotion, unsparing energy, and it honestly believes it is serving humanity, and it would resent to be identified with mere conquest. This factor, which ought to have been fought directly, was fought for the most part obliquely. It ought to have been fought on its essential pretensions, and not on its accidental implications ; it was fought, for the most part, on the margin of contingent mistake rather than on the ground of its capital and central error. Of course, there were a thousand minor causes to create this confusion and unreality. The tedious details of diplomacy, the picturesque metaphors about centuries in conflict, the impressions of the Boers as slave-drivers, all these helped to distract men from the main point of the dispute. The dispute was not between century and century, between a racial oligarchy and a cosmopolitan democracy, between the sombre brutality of Puritans and the gentle philanthropy of Methodists ; the dispute centred round the question whether we were justified in imposing our own will, our own habits, our own civilization, on a white self-governing community that clung, through the

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fiercest ordeal national resolution can face, to its own identity. The controversy, as regards this fundamental and vital difference, came to resemble that Greek battle in which the two armies edged away, the one to the right, the other to the left, until they were no longer in sight of each other. Men disputed fiercely on other subjects, the degree of ferocity which war licenses and Christianity condones, the limits of prudence, the best way of sapping resistance; but there was only one passion that was strong and simple enough to withstand the concentrated power of Imperialism, and that passion, the passion for nationality, was unfortunately languid and lukewarm. Mr. Gladstone had conquered Imperialism because he appealed to the imagination through his eloquent sense for freedom as powerfully as Imperialism appealed to it through the fascinations of power. He could make of his own passion for freedom a real spell to cast over the popular mind. It is always an intoxicating idea, the idea that your country is not merely the instrument of a unique culture, but the unique instrument of culture; that it offers to the world such a splendour of civilization and such a perfection of government that the will and identity of a small people are of no account in the large and mysterious fulfilment of

your destiny. One theory alone can oppose this mænad passion. It is not a vague and roving affection for humanity, a generous horror of cruelty and oppression, but a stern, inflexible belief that the right of the smallest people to be its own master is absolute and sacred. Mr. Gladstone was permeated by this sense. He did not, like other and less successful critics, complain of Imperialism that it went too far here, or wasted its strength there, or was not quite circumspect somewhere else; he boldly attacked its main inspiration as a fatal poison to the springs of justice and popular right and free government. If the idea of a nation ceases to be sacred, the idea of conquest ceases to be barbarous. Conquest seemed an innocent and even an exhilarating thing to Englishmen in 1902, just because they had rejected this fundamental article of liberal patriotism, that it was better that a white nation should govern itself, however badly, than that a foreign people should govern it, however well.

The desire then that subjugated the armies of the two republics in the field and also the Liberalism of England was the desire to make the government of the Boers the revelation of British ideas, and the expression of British character. It was an idea that Nationalists thought wrong ;

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it was an idea they also thought impracticable. For the men who rejoiced in this usurpation were confronted by the clear and indisputable fact that nowhere does the public opinion of England do what it was expected to do in this case—govern a strange white community. It may obstruct and thwart a great many things that the strange community wants. Perhaps the chief contribution of the public opinion of England to the government of Ireland has been to prevent the Irish people from having the University it would like. But as far as the actual government of a white subject people is concerned, public opinion in England abdicates from the hour of conquest. England abandoned the task in Canada; allowed Canada to choose its religion, its laws, its government, its flag. Where the task of direction is not abandoned, it is delegated. The power that guides British opinion in its judgments on Irish politics is not a knowledge of Irish wants or history, but the presence of a faction which has a direct interest in a particular kind of particularist government. That is the only Ireland that is in contact with British opinion. It is the same thing in South Africa. The only South Africa that is in contact with British opinion, that colours the sources of information, that

influences the origins of action and agitation, is a faction which has a direct interest in making England do certain things or abstain from doing certain things. The England that governs South Africa is Rhodesian England, that powerful faction of titled avarice. It would be the merest mockery to pretend that the people of these islands, with their incessant problems, their preoccupations, their still more distracting amusements, give a constant, vigilant, intelligent attention to the wants, habits, laws, and fortunes of the white races they nominally govern. They govern those races not by public opinion, but by private and fragmentary interest. A few men, like Mr. Gladstone, can make masses of men feel the wrongs they inflict as keenly as they feel the wrongs they suffer, but those hurricanes of misgiving and remorse come but rarely to shake the complacent composure with which a community neglects its subjects. In ordinary times, the direct interest of men who twist all the machines of administration and intelligence to their own purposes bears down the spasmodic pressure of an enthusiasm for justice and good government. The implication of Imperialism is that it is better that a particular community should be governed by the public opinion of England than that it

should be governed by its own public opinion. In practice it is governed by neither.

It may be argued that this is putting too strict and severe a construction on the idea of Imperial Government. It may be said that when we talk of British rule in the Transvaal we do not mean that the Transvaal is to be directed in all the details of its life by a supervising democracy, but merely that the officials who govern it are British officials, steeped in British traditions, representing the British attitude to life, progress, order, and administration. This, of course, is true, though its corollaries are too often forgotten. For it means that the idea of democratic Imperialism is definitely abandoned. The larger the field of British rule, the more extended the empire, not of the democracy, but of the governing classes. The proletariat may be flattered as the rulers of this distant population, but in point of fact the proletariat has very little to say about the way that population is governed. Indeed, every extension of the Empire adds so much to the preponderant share the governing classes have already in the management of the Empire. If the only South Africa that is in contact with British opinion at home is the financial community, South Africa knows England only through its official class.

But that official class, it is argued, interprets and reflects the British point of view in its administration, and though it is drawn from a section of the governing population, it is in practice representative. It executes the will of Great Britain in the Transvaal, and it envisages her civilization.

This would seem to be a profoundly mistaken view of the government of the Transvaal. That government is not suspended in mid-air. It is not a system to be stamped without resistance on an absolutely passive and receptive surface. It must lean on something. In India official government depends on one of the strongest elements in human government, the power of a long tradition of honest, public-spirited administration—a school of government in itself developing its own virtues, its own resources, its own character. In South Africa the situation is widely different. The Government is not imposing an impartial discipline over a world of Oriental populations; it is in the midst of various active and powerful influences from which it is quite unable to detach itself. Nobody, for example, could attribute to Lord Milner that Roman neutrality, that severe independence of the quarrels and emulations of the soil which you look for in an absolute governor, who treats with



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merciless justice and equality all the competing interests of the community he governs. Lord Milner throws himself into those quarrels ; he takes a hand in the manœuvres and strategy of civil strife ; he is proud to be regarded as the leader of one of the two contending parties in the State ; he has repudiated with vehemence the notion that he could be other than a partisan. His Government is, in other words, the Government of party.

There are two centres of pressure in South Africa. One is the Boer national feeling ; the other is the power of the financial houses. Official government cannot repose on the first, for it is its aim to disestablish it. What patience, for example, have the officials who carry on the work of education in the Transvaal—men who seek to establish what they think the best and most modern arrangements, with the Boer attachment to his language, his religion, his self-government? All these emotions are obstacles, and so obsessed are the officials with the importance of replacing the schools that foster and focus Dutch feeling by institutions that will introduce British ideas, that one of them gravely suggested our transplanting to South Africa a nucleus of unsuccessful boys from our public schools in order to develop there

imitation Etons and Winchesters. This is Imperialism, and it means, of course, a constant warfare with all the things that bind the Boers to their past, and bind them the more powerfully the more Boer sentiment is challenged. To Lord Milner the chief difficulty in the development of South Africa along British ideas is the tenacity with which the Boers cling to their own individuality.

In this respect every development of official government increases the distance that separates the Boer from the official. The official rejoices over every new tract added to the empire of red-tape, over every expansion of the rule of schedule and registers. The Boer sees something very different in the administrative development; he sees his traditions despised, his sentiments outraged, his national history of hardly-won and hardly-lost freedom consigned to an unrespected and unpitied past. A governor who rules in spite of the will of the ruled has to take what allies he can, the leavings of the nation, such as the National Scouts, and particularist interests, such as the financial faction in South Africa. That is the moral of Irish history. It is the explanation of what is at first sight a paradox in South Africa. Lord Milner, the candid and outspoken enemy

of the Boer, is become the representative of that other great power, the financial houses. These houses man his council, control and subsidize his press, and it invariably happens that the actual course of government in the Transvaal coincides with their own wishes. The result is that the actual government of the country does not represent the wishes or ideas of the governing country any more than it represents those of the governed. It is the result of the pressure of certain interests on the kind of administration that is most likely of all to yield to that pressure, not because it is dishonest, corrupt, or particularly inefficient, but simply because it depends, more or less consciously, on those interests in proportion as it is hostile to the national sentiment. It is not British administration imposing external peace. It is British administration mastered by local factions.

A most dramatic example has illuminated the strange scene within the last few months. What infinitesimal proportion of the people of England want Chinese labour in South Africa? What proportion of the people of South Africa want it, if you subtract the financial houses and all their outlying parts? Of the answer there is no doubt. Nobody would pretend that the British people, when they went to war to stamp

the country with British ideas, meant to divide the Rand between two Oriental races, and to create this great system of yellow serf labour. The introduction of Chinese labour is an overwhelming social and industrial revolution in the Transvaal. If it had happened under Boer government it would have been an outrage; happening under what is ironically called our rule, it is not less than a sensation. It is only possible because when you govern a white nation against its will, you govern it through its worst passions, and those passions are more or less your masters. The British garrison in Ireland was strong enough in the eighteenth century to make England choose civil war in Ireland rather than Catholic Emancipation. The British garrison in South Africa was strong enough in the twentieth to force Chinese labour on an England that detested it. No more unanswerable proof could be wanted of the truth that Imperialism creates in South Africa an order which reflects neither the great aims and purposes of the governing people nor those of the governed. It has not enriched humanity with a new type of society, blending and reconciling all the best elements in two powerful races. It has merely thrown on to the world what will be among civilizations a Quasimodo.

## PATRIOTISM AND EDUCATION

By REGINALD A. BRAY, L.C.C.

THAT the spirit of patriotism is dying need excite little surprise; that it still lingers here and there, haunting like some disconsolate ghost the scene of its former triumphs, is the standing wonder of the age. But these remote and belated regions are no real exceptions to the general truth, that the supreme aim of modern civilization is the destruction of the old-world patriotism as an unsaleable and an uncommercial product. National sentiment does indeed exist in portions of Scotland and Ireland; but it survives only because the bogs and the mountains offer an impassable obstacle to the march of the capitalist army, and present little or no attraction, except the sport they provide, to the cosmopolitan millionaire.

Now there are men who have watched with regret the disappearance of the complex emotions that the name of England once aroused. In spite of ridicule and contumely, they continue to believe in the value of a patriotism which, though it

mined no gold and floated no companies, yet nourished a people proud, reserved, and self-reliant, a people who gloried in the thought that their own freedom was the sign and pledge of the freedom of the world. In these latter days of decay such dreamers will naturally wonder whether this national spirit can be called back to life—in other words, whether patriotism can be taught to the younger generation.

The teaching of patriotism! The very thought would have appeared supremely ridiculous a few generations ago. Men would have as soon proposed to teach a child to draw his breath or eat his food. People in those days did not learn to be patriots—they were patriots; what the breath of life is to the body, that the love of country was to the nation. Yet, ludicrous as the idea is in itself, the events of the last few years have shown only too clearly the need of considering with all earnestness how the love of country, now divorced in favour of the wastrel brood of imperialism may be restored to its old and strenuous vigour. ✓

If success reward this attempt, it will not be found by appealing to the grown man, whose heart age has long since rendered incapable of a single throb of patriotism. The hope lies with the children. We are ✓

born into the world endowed with all manner of undeveloped instincts and unformed emotions. As years roll on, some of these die of inanition, while others are nourished into vigorous life. The part of education is not to create, but to select and cultivate a few of these many possible feelings. Such an one is the love of country. In the struggle of nation with nation the presence of a spirit, that drove men to put country first and life second, alone secured the independence of the people. Primitive instincts, that once determined the existence of a species, survive long. It is not therefore unreasonable to suppose that a love of country belongs to the heritage of a child. But instincts, which find no field for exercise in the life of the individual, soon cease to be felt and disappear. Education must therefore foster and encourage this instinctive patriotism while it is yet alive. There is no talk here of putting into him a new spirit, or of, so to say, inoculating him with a kind of patriotic lymph. The sole hope lies in the existence of the spirit, and the sole road of success in the development of that something in the child which is tuned to beat in sympathy with the throb of his country's life.

The word 'teaching' suggests the thought of schools. Nearly every child attends a

school ; the first question must therefore relate to the nature of the patriotic training, if any, to be found in such places. The schools divide themselves broadly into two classes—the public boarding schools and the elementary day schools. As there is little resemblance between the two, they are best treated apart.

The public schools apparently possess unequalled opportunities for the encouragement of patriotism. All the elements needed to fan that spirit into vigorous flame are there. They have the elements of antiquity, of continuity, and of greatness. Their history runs far back through the centuries of the past ; recorded in their annals and carved on their walls are the names of famous men of long ago—soldiers who have laid down their lives at their country's call ; politicians who have toiled to bestow the boon of free institutions on their land ; authors who have added to the glories of a noble literature their own imperishable works ; divines transfigured by their holiness, and crowned, it may be, with the martyr's crown—men such as these, each school can boast, have spent their boyhood within its walls.

Further, the element of corporate feeling and corporate pride is strongly marked. The boys are conscious that the school is



their own, that its honour is in their hands, that the act of each is the act of all, and the duty of all is to allow no stain to rest on an untarnished name.

Finally, there is the mystical and unreasoning sentiment that clusters round ivy-clad buildings and clings to old name-carved walls.

If it were a man's object to prepare a soil adapted for the cultivation of national feeling, it is hard to say how he could have prepared a better. Unfortunately, as will soon appear, these bright hopes bear no fruit. It is not the material that is at fault; it is the cultivators that have gone astray.

Take the element of famous men. They are for the most part forgotten or regarded as 'dull dogs,' associated with the tedium of historical lessons, and are in no sense the heroes who captivate the imagination of the modern public school. True, once a year the anniversary of the school's foundation is celebrated; but the day is considered a wearisome institution, only redeemed by the fact that, with the exception of a religious service, there is no attempt at definite instruction. In the chapel, indeed, there is a talk of praising famous men; and a long line of meaningless names is read out in a monotonous voice to unlistening ears.

But the whole ceremony is looked on in the light of a penance to be endured, before the holiday can be enjoyed.

Take next the sentiment of corporate feeling and corporate pride. This requires an object, and the discovery of the object is an easy task. The boys have no reverence for the man who has served his country well and honourably ; they feel no pride in the thought that among the old members of the school are those who have laid down their lives in the cause of liberty ; these are not their heroes. The real hero is the boy who has won a school cricket match or stroked a crew to victory ; while a warm glow of enthusiasm is stirred by the memory that among the old boys are men who have scored a century on a crumbling wicket in a county contest, captained a team against Australia, or won their laurels in international football. All the strong school sentiment is associated with athletics, while such an insignificant nonentity as a country is wholly forgotten in the enthralling interests of the other. The Great Duke once remarked that the battle-field of Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton. The schools, putting too literal an interpretation on his words, believe that, if only victories can be gained at Lords or Henley there is no need

for further exertion. The fact that the boys take part in the games and do not spend all their energy in vapid sporting talk, as happens in the common forms of athleticism, may at least be accounted to them for virtue.

It is now clear that the public schools, so far from encouraging patriotism, form in all probability the strongest existing obstacle to its development. They are not only indifferent to the claims of country, but have also misdirected the rich stores of corporate feeling they possess—the very elemental material of patriotism—till the whole life circles round the inane vagaries of a propelled ball or the grotesque activity of a racing crew. Nothing more will be said of the public schools. They offer little hope of reform, and stand out as the most signal and the most melancholy example of the wastage of a great privilege and a priceless opportunity.

Turning to the elementary day schools, the outlook appears but little brighter. They possess no treasures of antiquity and old associations, public spirit hardly exists, and the material for its culture is not promising. The subjects selected for instruction are not calculated to foster a love of country. The history of England is frequently excluded, and hours devoted to the analysis of unintelligible sentences, to the mispro-

nunciation of a few French words, or to the invigorating sciences of cookery and laundry, are regarded as time more profitably spent. Closer inquiry, however, renders the prospect less gloomy. The London School Board recently made history a compulsory subject, thereby insuring that the children shall at least learn that England is a country with a past, and not, as all visible evidence goes to prove, a project of yesterday, organized by a combined trust. The teachers, moreover, have grasped the novel idea that schools are places where instruction ought to be given; they pay some attention to the character of their pupils, and are not carried away by the superstition that the 'be all' and 'end all' of life are to play sport or to talk sport. Again, more amazing still, they are anxious for their pupils to consider themselves Englishmen. In some schools we may watch the pathetic sight of children of Russian or German Jews learning to speak, in almost unintelligible accents, of England as their country.

In the instruction given there is naturally much wanting, and much that should be omitted. The bombast and swagger of a bastard patriotism are only too visibly manifest. Children are taught that the sun never sets on the King's dominions,

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leaving unnoted the sights this omnipresent luminary surveys on his daily journey. A short time back, when the war fever was high, certain melancholy spectacles might be observed in many of the schools. A kind of game or recreation, a sort of playing at patriots, was introduced at frequent intervals. The boys were assembled in the school-hall, and told stories of how an irresistible force had succeeded in winning a glorious victory over a handful of ignorant peasants. At the conclusion the boys would sing with much vigour the latest of popular songs, fresh from the pen of one of the bloodier-minded of the minor poets. After this sublime thanksgiving service, the school would be dismissed to play 'Boers and English' in the playground, or score caricatures of Kruger on a convenient wall. Scenes of this kind do not make for edification.


If ever a nation have so far fallen from its high estate as no longer to deserve that name; if it merit loss of its most precious treasures, its flag, and its independence—conceivably such a case may occur—then let the work of destruction be done quietly and without ostentation. We do not think it right to surround the scaffold of a murderer with a throng of children, or to dilate on the loftiness of the gibbet, the strength of the rope, and the skill of the executioner. We pass over

the tragedy in solemn silence. Let us do the same with a nation that has sinned the sin that admits of no repentance. Let us execute judgment as men performing a painful duty ; let us draw down the blinds, that no view of the mournful pageant strike on our children's eyes, lest they learn to glory that the strong are stronger than the weak. That this spirit of flamboyant, jubilation over a gallant foe should have invaded the schools and infected the teachers, while a matter for regret, need excite no surprise. It is a plague that has run riot throughout the country, working everywhere destruction.

There are not in the elementary schools those symptoms of senile ineptitude and that wastage of golden opportunities which branded the public schools. There is, on the contrary, much that is hopeful. Efforts, quaint and distorted, it is true, are made to impress on the children the fact that they have a country, and a duty to that country. The teachers eagerly welcome new ideas ; they have no cloistered love of present methods ; they are wedded to no idle superstition about the traditions of an imaginary and fictitious past, and adopt with pleasure any course likely to make for greater efficiency. It is natural, therefore, to expect that, were they to grasp the

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true significance of patriotism, they would not be slow to make patriots of their pupils.



Now, patriotism is the love of a thing vast, shadowy, and undefined. There is nothing that takes concrete shape and, in visible form, says to us, 'I am your country, love me.' Before this vague sentiment can be developed, men must have first learned to lavish their affection on some less abstract an object. The love of the few must precede the love of the many, and the love of the many, in spite of all the protestations of the Tolstoyans, is not acquired by cultivating a genial indifference to the individual. Now, the smallest unit round which clusters a spontaneous affection is the family. The family supplies men with a country in miniature, possessing its own interests, ties, and duties, and provides a tiny world where the life of each is indissolubly connected with the life of all—it is, as Mazzini says, the heart's fatherland. Family love, then, is the raw material of patriotism. Fortunately for England, it at present retains both health and vigour.

But the journey from the narrow circle of family to the wide expanse of country is long and arduous. Some bridge between the two, making the passage easier and the transition less abrupt, must be discovered. From the members of one family there is a

natural path that leads to the neighbouring families. The interests of all are closely associated, and family affection ought to expand easily into love of native village. Local feeling and local pride mark, therefore, a further stage in the embryonic development of patriotism.

Now, in the old days, when patriots still existed, a strange passionate affection encircled every village. A man's place of birth was to him something sacred—its very ground was charged with a significance such as belonged to no other spot. This devotion to the home of his ancestors, the mysterious elemental love of the very soil, drew for its strength on the rich treasures of childish associations. Men loved each field because they had played in it as little children, and each wood because they had gathered flowers there in the days of long ago ; while the village and the village green were ringed with a halo of romance, as the common assembly ground where the annual fair was held, the old games played, and the old festivals celebrated. From such threads were woven that unreasoning love of some small spot which seemed to those who dwelt therein the fairest region under heaven, and the very centre of the universe.

Hence it came that the inhabitants of



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Slowcombe-on-the-Marshes would glory in their fenland, which was flatter by far than all the range of the Alps and the Apennines, and would pride themselves on the weird desolation of their pools and bogs, with which London Bridge and the City could offer no comparison. This sentiment it was that made the very thought of a foreign invader appear as sacrilege, and drove them to lay their all on the altar of their country's independence.

Now, however passionate might be the love of the inhabitants of Slowcombe-on-the-Marshes for their own barren, inhospitable soil, and however unreasoning might appear the affection that Brampton-in-the-Vale lavished on its rich grazing-meadows, they would at least admit that such devotion, if not praiseworthy, was at any rate natural. Between the two spots there would certainly exist a feeling of sympathy and respect. More than this, Slowcombe-on-the-Marshes would feel that its seclusion, and Brampton-in-the-Vale that its wealth, was assured and safeguarded because the two had often linked themselves together for mutual self-protection. The very fact that the soil was their own was due to the union of all the Slowcombes and the Bramptons—in other words, to the country. Without such co-operation their social life

and independence had long since disappeared. Thus, a man's love of his native place naturally widened and transformed itself into love of his country—that larger power which maintained alike the freedom of all, and permitted the dweller in Slowcombe, if he so pleased, to drag out unhindered his emaciated and poverty-stricken existence, and allowed the inhabitant of Brampton, if such his desire, to wax fat on the fruits of the land.

Clearly, then, the first essential in the teaching of patriotism is such training as will knit the life of the child closely to his native place, and provide those rich stores of happy memories which will ring round his village with the magic circle of love and sanctity. But the word 'village' raises a serious difficulty. In speaking of villages the assumption has apparently been made that England is still a country of small hamlets. Unfortunately, this is false. Rural life is waning; villages show little signs of growth—happy are they if they maintain their size—and the more energetic of the country breed pass away, and are engulfed by the towns. There is no intention here of denying this melancholy truth—indeed, the decline of patriotism may largely be explained by this decay of rural life. But the question that presses

for an answer is whether or no there is any hope of reviving, if not the old conditions, at any rate the feelings and sentiment once associated with the name of England. The problem of the town is different from the problem of the village, though not so different as would at first appear. If a solution can be found for the village, this will go far to remove the chief difficulties presented by the intricate organization of a town.

As regards the villages, it must be at once admitted that the old communal intercourse of the inhabitants has disappeared. Gone are the old games and the old customs ; vanished from the green are the sports and the festivals ; sunk into oblivion are the Morris-dancers and the revels of May-day. In a few secluded corners fragments of the old life survive, leading a melancholy existence of decline and decay. Here a handful of children may be found performing one of the ancient 'singing games,' there a gang of noisy lads will drag about a May-pole to extract unwilling halfpence, while occasionally a few parish officials will in solitary state beat the bounds of the parish. These customs have died out, but there is no reason why they may not be revived. They died out when commercialism first began to invade England. Men's eagerness to

grow rich left them no leisure to play games ; their thirst for gold would not permit the children to remain children, but drove them to the agricultural gangs, to the mines, to the factories. Small wonder that these children forgot to dance and sing. At the present time this hindrance exists no longer ; grudgingly, and of necessity, childhood is allowed to the nation as an expensive luxury. The cause of their disappearance being removed, the only question is whether these games and customs have lost their charm. Now, all evidence goes to show that this is not the case. Wherever people have tried to revive them, success has rewarded the attempt. They retain their attraction, and need but a sustained effort to be restored to their former place in the village life. Indeed, it would be strange if this were not the case. Human nature is unchanged, and children, now as ever, delight in acting out the doings of their elders. The old 'singing games' are but so many comedies and tragedies that celebrate the perennial interests of man's life.

In spite of all modern progress certain customs linger on. As long as this is true the games derived from these ancient relics of barbarism will never lose their fascination. In spite of divorce laws men marry,

and women are given in marriage. Why, then, should the children not learn to play 'Three dukes' and 'Round and round the village,' or once again, 'Come up the green grass'? In spite of certain Socialists women yet bear children, and family life grows strong. Surely, then, 'Jenny sits a-weeping,' 'When I was a young girl,' and 'Sally Water' will not have lost all power to attract. Even the agnostic knows that we die and funerals may yet be seen. It may therefore without undue confidence be affirmed that a charm will surround the funeral games, and children delight to bury 'The Booman,' to lament over 'Jenny Jones,' or even to find a secret joy in 'Wallflowers.'

Now, besides these games, solemn festivals marking the progress of the year were wont to be celebrated, as, for example, the Midsummer Vigil, the feasts of Sheep-shearing and of Harvest Home, each distinguished by appropriate ceremonies. Above all were the May-day revels. Then the May-pole was cut in the woods, and drawn, gay with boughs and flowers, to the village green by teams of brightly-caparisoned white horses. There, in the centre, it was planted, soon to be surrounded by all the gala company of Morris-dancers, milkmaids, shepherdesses, and their Sove-

reign, the Queen of May. There through the long summer days it was left, the common centre for games and dancing and innocent merriment.

Can anyone deny that this pageant would fail to awaken interest now? The militant orgies of the past two years, and the throngs that flocked to view the Jubilee processions, all testify that the old delight of the English in spectacular effects is as strong as ever; while in villages the immense pecuniary success attending the so-called annual fairs, that make night hideous and day ghastly with the shriek of the steam-whistle and the discordant blare of the steam-roundabout, is at least a proof that there is a keen demand for this dismal form of amusement. It is not, perhaps, extravagant to hope that the May games and the May-pole will be able to oust the steam-whistle and its unsavoury crew.

Now, many of the old ceremonies possessed a deeper significance for the country. Sports such as tilting and quarterstaff, wrestling and archery, were encouraged to train the youth in manly exercise, and fit them, if need arose, to defend their land. Something analogous to this might well be instituted, with the changes necessary to the march of time. Corps of boys could give military displays, compete in mimic

rifle contests, and see the winner crowned by the Queen of May. Even the most confirmed advocate of the new order of things will admit that this *souçon* of the military will stir joyful enthusiasm in every heart.

Here, then, are rounds of games and pageants that admit of easy revival. What can be expected of this revival? At least the memories of childhood will be happier and more closely associated with the life of the village. Further, there is good cause to hope for a reanimation of the old spirit that once inspired the hamlets of England. There are certain characteristics that mark these games and festivals, leaving the stamp of their influence on those who take part in them. They are closely connected with the most solemn events of human existence—marriage, childbirth, and death. They are related to the home and work of the village and the slow passage of the year. One and all they are social amusements, signs of corporate life, and a proof of a common brotherhood. In other words, they show the distinctive traits of the English yeoman, seen in his homely doings and his love of his native place. Compare these peculiarities with the striking features presented by the most typical of modern village institutions—the village fair and steam roundabout. Its invariable accompaniments are the wild

insensate noise, the mad career of people tossed up and down and whirled round and round till they can no longer stand for giddiness, and the meaningless shout of an inarticulate mob. The former displays the characteristics of patriotism, the latter of imperialism; the May-pole stands as the symbol of the one, the steam-whistle of the other. The choice lies between the May-pole and the steam-whistle.

Doubtless two objections have already suggested themselves to the ingenious reader. He will remark that the spirit of the May-pole is dead, and its place filled by the spirit of the steam-whistle. He will proceed to urge that the attempt to revive the former by reviving the customs which were its expression is as senseless a proceeding as the endeavour to improve a dog's temper by persistently wagging his tail.

This argument rests on the quite erroneous assumption that the nature of our amusements is merely a sign of character, and has no connection with its formation. Unquestionably brutal men attend prize-fights, and a drunkard frequents the public-house, but it is equally true that visits to such places make for brutality and intemperance. As a matter of fact, the nature of our amusements is at once the cause and the effect of our disposition. The really



important question, on which all turns, is whether or no the particular practice has power to amuse. If this power has gone, then no doubt the accompanying spirit is dead. It would, for example, be wasted labour to exhort men to return to the spirit, which animated the ancient Britons, by painting themselves blue. Could men take pleasure in this form of decoration, then there need be no hesitation in asserting that the happy mood of our savage ancestors admits of being called back to life. Unfortunately, the sartorial authority wielded by the tailor and the milliner is too strong to allow any hope of men finding even a secret joy in so elemental and inexpensive a form of covering.

Now, as has already been shown, the May-pole and its games have not lost their fascination—they still appeal to the child. There is therefore cause to believe that the May-pole spirit, so far from being dead, is merely in a state of suspended animation. There is no thought here of creating a spirit that does not exist. Reasons have been given for the belief that the instinctive love of native place still dwells in the heart of the child. All the proposals made merely aim at reproducing the conditions which favour and strengthen that affection, and so prevent it dying from lack of nourishment.

Another comment that will doubtless be made relates to the apparent inconsistency shown by the advocacy of games here and the denunciation of athleticism found in an earlier portion of the essay. This arises from a misunderstanding. It is not the playing of games that is condemned, but athleticism. Now, athleticism is a phase of imperialism, the spirit animating men who toil not but pay others to toil, who surround their brow with laurels they have not themselves won, and imagine that vociferous pride in the achievements of others lends a lustre to their own ineffective existence. The playing of games, like patriotism, has a different spirit—the spirit of men who talk little and do much, whose pride, if such there be, is the pride of fellow-workers in a comrade who has won the prize for which all have laboured.

From the love of his native village the child will pass easily to the love of country. This one spot will be to him as Kelmscott was to William Morris. 'It has come to be to me,' he writes, 'the type of the pleasant places of the earth . . . and as others love the race of men through their lovers or their children, so I love the earth through that small space of it.'

The problem of the town will be solved by following methods similar to those

advocated for the village. It must, however, be confessed that to rouse local feeling in a town is a task of no little difficulty. The idea that a man should be proud of being one among Camberwell's quarter of a million inhabitants, that he should go so far as to wonder whether the grim dulness of Camberwell is grimmer than the atmosphere which stimulates Bermondsey, that he should unite with other Camberwellians to do anything except, perhaps, trample down a few Pro-Boers on Peckham Rye—any such idea as this could only emanate from Camberwell House Lunatic Asylum. Yet at least some attempt should be made to teach the children that there is such a place as Camberwell, if it were only to make known to them the existence of a Mayor and Council. Why should not the Mayor and Council, arrayed in gorgeous robes, parade the streets on certain days of the year? Or why, again, should not the Guardians march through the district, followed by all the old people in receipt of out-relief? Pageants of this kind—they were held in the towns formerly—would not fail to take hold on the imagination of the young. Yet some smaller unit would be better adapted to win the affections of the child. To urge him to love Camberwell is rather like exhorting him to enter

into amorous relations with the Atlantic Ocean. Undoubtedly the contemplation of any vast object, such as the world of living creatures, may excite vague indefinable emotions, but affords no stimulating motive for effective action. It encourages indulgence in an idle sentimentalism that leaves a man with a consciousness of virtue, but without that sense of effort which alone makes virtue virtuous.

The peculiar difficulty attending the encouragement of patriotism among the children of a town becomes now apparent. An effective patriotism, as distinguished from empty emotionalism, can only be reached by passing over a series of stepping-stones that start from some small spot where love spontaneously issues in action. In country districts there is the village to bridge the gap between family and country. In urban neighbourhoods the town is too vast an object to captivate the affections of the child. There is need of some smaller unit that shall in cities take the place of the village green. The elementary schools suggest themselves as a possible substitute. The school play-ground and the school hall must in towns be made the centre of the child's life. Here the old games and sports will be revived, and experience proves that they admit of revival even here, while

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school pride and corporate feeling will be encouraged. The schools will become associated with days of happiness and will gather round them a rich store of memories to remain when childhood is over. Further than this, the schools must not be left forlorn and isolated spots in the neighbourhood. They must be closely linked to some organization. Among a religious people like the Irish, the Church would supply this want. In England such a proposal may appear ludicrous, but there is no other alternative. The Church at least possesses the elements of permanence and continuity. It is at present widely divorced from the life of the nation, but there is little doubt that if it woke to the full sense of its privileges and its responsibility—that is, if it became a National Church instead of one as by law established—this estrangement would end. It would then concentrate its work on the schools, and no longer consider children a safety-valve for discharging without danger the energies of the youngest and most inefficient curate.

Two steps have now been made on the way towards patriotism. The road has led from the individual to the family, from the family to some small spot, whether village green or school; the path must now be continued till it reach the country. The

relation of the native place to the country is not clear of itself. Elementary education must establish this connection. This end can be promoted by the adoption of three methods of training. The first depends on the actual subjects taught in the school, the second on a system of excursions that will give reality to their lessons, and the third on forms and ceremonies chosen to render this instruction impressive.

History appears the natural subject to teach the child his relation to his country. Many schools, however, do not teach this subject, and many others teach it very inefficiently. There are various reasons for this neglect ; most of them are due to the eccentricities of inspectors and the vague, discursive minds of examiners. Teachers fight shy of the subject, as the children, when put to the test, often fail to do themselves justice. The subject is so vast, and the ways of inspectors so capricious, that it is impossible to tell the line of inquiry one may elect to pursue. He may have an affection for monarchs, and exhibit curiosity about the claims of the early Kings to the throne of France, or the intricate matrimonial complications of an amateur Bluebeard. He may have a taste for detail, and seek to discover when tea

was first introduced, to which eye Nelson applied his telescope, or on what day the Magna Carta was signed. On the other hand, he may display a love of narrative, and devote his time to the elucidation of such problems as what William the Conqueror said when his horse trod on a red-hot cinder, or who did what when a Queen desired to cross a muddy road. Now, the difficulty of fortifying children to resist so varied an attack is serious, and there is little cause for wonder that teachers avoid this lumber-room of old rubbish that goes by the name of history. All these subtle interrogatories have no more connection with patriotism than the order of the Kings of Judah or Jonah's submarine voyage have with religion.

The Germans' love of their fatherland is famous; it owes much of its strength to the careful teaching the children receive in the schools. Their methods need but a few obvious changes to adopt them for use in this land. The lessons ought to be commenced early, even in the infant department. Here the children will wander happily in the legendary country of King Arthur, Robin Hood, and other romantic heroes. 'The reading-books,' instead of dealing with such problems as how the cat caught the mouse, or how disobedient

Tommy fell in the pond, will tell how St. George slew the dragon and King Alfred burned the cakes. In this way the child's first idea of his country will come to him wrapt in the wonder-colours of the land of far away, and invested with the matchless charm that belongs to the fairies' dwelling-place.

In the senior departments history will be taught chronologically in large unbroken periods. The children will learn how the Saxons won England for their country, how for awhile there were fierce struggles with foes from without, and how, finally, the union of all the yeomen that came from the villages secured them their independence. Omitting, for the most part, all reference to Court intrigue, they will be taught that the later history turns on the battle for freedom waged against tyranny from within, and is the tale of a nation working out its own salvation. It is these common people with their homely habits, their reserved manners, and their stubborn resolution, whom they will grow to love.

Now, unless certain guiding principles are borne in mind, history degenerates into idle gossip and fable on the one hand, and the arid bones of disconnected fact on the other. First and foremost the children must hear that the country of which they are



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learning has now become their own ; that its future rests on the present, and that the present is theirs to make or mar ; that the present has grown from out a past, the slow creation of men of former time, who have given their lives, without thought of reward and often without hope of success, because England asked of them this sacrifice. Next, it is very necessary that they should know that the word 'country' cannot be used to cloak a crime, and that sin does not become virtuous when identified with the expressed will of a nation. They will have impressed upon them the truth that in its thousand-year-old existence the country has oft sojourned in the wilderness of error, and wandered many a weary league along the road that leadeth to destruction, paying the penalty of the sin to the uttermost. Finally, the pages of history must teach that each nation has a country of its own, and enforce the lesson that the noblest duty of a people is to insure to all this privilege, and not to rob them of the treasure.

In this common-sense method of teaching history a close connection will be established between this and other subjects. As reading - books for the upper standards, selections will be made from the writings of the authors who belong to the period studied. For recitations and for songs the

old ballads and the old tunes will take the place of the lays of the minor poets. If history be taught in this way the word 'country' will, in the mind of the child, stand for a closely connected group of ideas, appealing at once to the understanding and the imagination, and be to some extent coloured by sentiment.

Further, the history of his native place, appealing as it does to the personal experience of the child, must be connected with the general history of the country. There is hardly any village or town which is not associated with some great person or some noteworthy event. In this respect the towns possess an advantage over the rural districts. London is here pre-eminent; the evils of its cumbrous and disjointed vastness find some compensation in the part it has played in England's story. The City, the town, the bridges, and the names of the old streets, all alike call up memories from the dead past and make it live. But whether in London or elsewhere, local history must be taught, and excursions made to view places of interest in the neighbourhood. The tale of their land will for the children become instinct with charm, life, and reality, and no longer be regarded as a dreary apology for a story-book.

Finally, there is a mystical element in

patriotism. A country is not a mere name for a number of isolated warehouses supplying bread-and-butter, nor a sort of universal provider of joys and pleasures ; it possesses an individual existence. That life is longer, stronger, wider than our own, and leads to some end we either hinder or promote, but cannot foresee. It claims our service and our love as a right that needs no justification and with a strength that bears no resistance. We do not love our land because it gives us prosperity—wealth, happiness, and the like are but flowers we pluck on the journey ; we are prosperous because our love is true. Or it may be we are in evil plight because our love has gone astray, and fastened on some ill-featured wench whose masquerading wiles have deceived us. Its mighty claims, its ever-perennial life, and its march toward a far distant and unknown goal, robe a country in a garb of holiness, meet to stir awe and reverence. All objects for which men sacrifice their lives are sacred. They may, indeed, spend their lives in amassing wealth, but they do not give their lives to win it. They offer a life for a life, a life for their faith, a life of their country. Life, religion, and country belong, therefore, to those ideas termed sacred or mystical. All alike instinctively appeal to the child, and find an echo in his

heart. The final task of the schools is to wake that echo and make it permanent.

When we are dealing with sacred things we need some symbol that shall stand for the object of our veneration and make vivid appeal to the senses. The flag is the natural symbol of a country. At the present time the Union Jack is supplied to many schools, and hangs idly flapping over the best attending class. This must be changed; if we treat the country or its symbol with indifference, we can hardly expect children to pay it reverence. The flag ought to be produced only on rare occasions, and then accompanied with solemn ceremony worthy of an emblem for which men have died. It would probably be wise to substitute for the Union Jack the less known and less vulgarized banner of St. George.

In the school year certain days must be set apart as days of national thanksgiving. At such seasons processions, with appropriate songs and pageant, will be held in honour of some great event or famous man. In other words, what is required is a kind of ritualistic patriotism. There will be placed in the infant school, near some darkened corner, a cupboard associated with the name of country. Out of this cupboard on the festival days will be

brought, in the presence of all, things bright and glittering and appealing to the senses—emblems of days of long ago ; while in the senior departments something analogous to the old religious plays will be instituted. Historical scenes will be acted out by the children clad in the proper costumes, some of the old ballads sung and the old games played. In selecting the men most worthy of admiration it will be best, in times like the present, not to choose men who have swept through the universe in a whirl of triumphant progress, but to prefer those who have engaged in an apparently hopeless struggle, and faced the issue with that spirit of resistant resignation which transcends all despair, and awaits with serene confidence the vindication which the future will bring.

Here, then, in rough outline, is a method for the teaching of patriotism. Starting with the family, it has been shown how family affection may be transformed into a love of native place. Next, passing beyond the village, an attempt has been made to explain how the passionate love of some one spot can be widened till it embraces the country. There will be no difficulty in describing how patriotism can expand into the nobler form of imperialism, which stands unpolluted by the bestial materialism

clinging to most of its manifestations ; or how, in turn, imperialism may grow into the love of humanity. The process is ever the same ; the love of the few must precede the love of the many. To pervert a parable, it is only from the well-plenished board of a rich family love that Dives has any crumbs of affection to spare for the poor beggar Humanity sitting outside on his doorstep.

If some such training as that advocated be established, the children will at least be taught that they have a country—a sacred thing to which they owe their love. They will learn that this love of country, or patriotism, is a passion for the land in which they dwell ; the land for which their forefathers toiled and bled ; the land which, as its latest-born inheritors, they must one day hand down to their children, glorified with the halo of holy deeds and untarnished by a single act of shame.

## PATRIOTISM AND THE CHRISTIAN FAITH

By the REV. CONRAD NOEL

**A** RELIGION to have endurance must build upon instinct. Many people think otherwise. In their view the function of religion is an attack on nature, using for weapon that graceless artificiality they miscall grace. If these people be in the right, such natural and fundamental instincts as sex, friendship, love of children or of parents, as well as that instinctive love of country which in the following pages I am prepared to defend, would at all times be found in passionate conflict with Christianity. That this is a contention often put forward is, of course, a well-known fact, but that anything but the merest surface view of our religion lends colour to it I most emphatically deny.

No doubt you may find an opposition between nature and grace in the Bible. You can always find anything you like in the Bible. I have never come across any theory or doctrine not to be found therein

or proved thereby. There is equally little doubt that the sacred writers thought to a large extent in terms of this opposition; but to admit this is far from admitting it to be any essential note of the Christian faith. When the practical moralist distinguishes between nature and grace, admirable as such a distinction may be for everyday ethics, we must be on our guard against supposing it any less fictitious than the lines of latitude and longitude we draw across our maps. It would be worth while to try and accustom ourselves to think of grace as infinitely more natural to full-grown man than the ape and tiger instincts of his youth, for it is the same 'will to live' that produces the desires of 'the flesh' and of 'the spirit.' A close parallel might, indeed, be drawn between the animal world, including primitive man (the superior animal in craft and cunning), in its struggle for life physically understood, and that later struggle for a subtler, deeper life, the life eternal, which is the untiring object of the God-man that is to be and even now is. However this may be, the great religion has always appeared among us as revelation. It has never sought to graft some brand-new ethical system on to an alien world. Its business has been with a concealed or forgotten but existing order of things, the



ignoring of which has spelt damnation. Religion, to adopt an excellent piece of current slang, is an eye-opener. It brings men out of darkness into light. It finds men worshipping at an altar to an unknown God, dimly perceived as life, and proclaims : 'Whom ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you. This life for which you struggle, I declare to you its essential character. It does not consist in abundance of things possessed. Its attainment does not involve the ruthless trampling down of competitors, but rather the perception of your union with God and one another, of the identity of interests communal and interests individual. By revealing all this, I am not come to destroy the life you set so much store by, but to fulfil it. I declare unto you the life which is eternal.'

Well, then, the religion that has hold upon the future must be anchored in the essentially human, must believe in man, must be ready to 'distil a food from a poison.' To it no impulse, however vicious its present output, is fundamentally evil, but rather a healthy desire, blinded and misled, that cries with Bartimæus, 'Lord, that I may receive my sight.' In a word, the great religion inscribes upon its banners, 'I am come not to destroy but to fulfil.'

Now, when we begin examining the Christianity of our day, we find two main

tendencies—one practical, the other philosophical—opposed to this conception of religion. The Roman Church in practice must be regarded as inimical to the conception, in so far as her present policy does actually result in the loosening of existing ties, the weakening of local patriotisms and distinctions, and the obliteration of natural boundaries of countries. I do not say that the Western idea of authority is in theory irreconcilable with the above definition of religion (whatever one's fears may be, it would argue a far greater knowledge of Roman philosophy than I possess, or an impudent dogmatism which I hope I am without, to pronounce upon the point), but in practice it has to a very great extent discouraged it. One might point out, by the way, that if the kind of Imperialism advocated in our country by the Fabian Society, which is more and more becoming the power behind Parliaments, should dominate the political world, it would present a very close parallel to the immediate policies of the Roman Communion.

There is in both the same curious confusion of thought between unity and its deadly parody, uniformity. But in most striking and complete hostility to this humanism of religion is Count Tolstoy's interpretation of the Christian faith. Notwithstanding its evident sincerity, its syste-

matized morality, its insistence upon a kind of universal love, it leaves upon one's mind an ineradicable impression of inhumanity, of a system superimposed in avowed opposition to the instincts of the race—instance its warfare with sex and with nationality.

Now, there are two considerations that should make us more than usually cautious in our examination of his arguments, namely, his treatment of all that have gone before him as knaves and bunglers, and his irresponsible handling of the sacred text. It is difficult to treat with seriousness a criticism which, true to its Russian origin, with one stroke of the brush blacks out Cana of Galilee, not even in uncritical obedience to *a priori* disbelief in miracle, but because the incident does not square with the character of a Tolstoyan Jesus. But Tolstoy is a Gospeller drawn from the ranks of the suddenly converted, and, after the manner of his kind, he lays his colours on thick, giving us a dark lurid picture of his own youth, and a companion portrait of the youth humanity. Neither, I should imagine, are half so black as he paints them. The temper of the suddenly saved has occasionally given us a saint, but seldom a critic with pure and balanced outlook on present or past.

He would be complacent indeed who did not feel with Tolstoy the necessity of referring back from time to time to the Founder of our common faith, of comparing our practice with His precept, or who did not experience something of his amaze at the result; but when it comes to the matter of reconstruction and reform, he might easily feel that here the Russian prophet leaves him in as sorry a plight as do the defenders of things as they are.

This going back to the original Gospel meant for Tolstoy the rediscovery of the supreme law of love as the living force of life, and not merely as a thing everybody admits, which is by interpretation a thing nobody particularly believes. It is when we come to his interpretation of this law that we begin to rub our eyes. By failing to acknowledge the development of Christian universalism from the nationalism of Israel and the naturalism of common loves and desires, his final conception of world-love is twisted into a caricature of that resistless passion for which, if a man give all the substance of his house, it would utterly be condemned. The rule for practical life now amounts to little more than the inculcation of an outward method unrelated to the condition of the soul behind it, which alone can give to con-

duct significance or validity. 'Love one another' is watered down to 'do not knock one another about.' In grasping at the vast shadow humanity, he comes near forgetting the existence of men. Thus has mankind become a bloodless and anæmic abstraction—mankind, which is in verity the body and blood of God.

On the appearance of White's 'History of Selborne' it was contended by certain critics that the author could tell one nothing worth the telling. His generalizations were neither new nor true. How could they be, since he had not visited the South Pacific Islands nor the forests of Westralia? From the narrow stage of Selborne he dares speak as one having authority. By 'new' these critics understand fresh tit-bits of information rather than the output of a new and wondering heart, rekindled by the Ancient of Days, who cries, 'Behold, I make all things new.' Now, here is the answer to all criticism of this kind. The deep insight into one little plot of ground by a man who has seen with new eyes argues a better knowledge of the universe than do stores of information of the 'round the world in eighty days' variety. To understand the foliage of the tropics you must needs know first the leaves of your woods at Selborne ; and is not this

also the rationale of patriotism ? If a man love not Selborne, which he hath seen, how shall he love the Cosmos which he hath not seen ?

Count Tolstoy, missing this, comes near missing all, for there is no climbing up some other way into the fold of catholic love. This way is at the same time both path and goal ; it has within it permanently the very nature of the fold to which it leads. When at last you come to that greater love, you will not love your own Switzerland, England, Holland, Ireland, less, but more. Tolstoy's Christ is *Salvator Mundi*. So is ours ; but ours was born at Nazareth, and was also Saviour of Israel. We find, therefore, nothing amazing in the fact that He never included in the list of temptings by the devil that especial friendship with St. John, nor the unresisted longing to weep over the city which lay so close to His heart—'O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not ! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.' It should be remembered by those who would assure us that His tears for Babylon or London would have been

the same in kind and intensity that He set a definite limit to His work by pronouncing, 'I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the House of Israel.' So the Universal Saviour confines Himself to His own little patch of nation, and almost entirely to His own countrymen. Not to destroy, but to expand Jewish nationalism was He come, by purging out those social vices that would make it abortive, by widening what was narrow, by making it inclusive where before it sought jealously to exclude. Judæa to Him is blessed among nations, the salt of the whole earth, and it is as patriot He dares add: 'But if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall *it* be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.'

His were neither the calumnies of the cynical cosmopolitan nor the flatteries of the Jerusalem-right-or-wrong Pharisees, but His the love that dared praise and worship, and therefore dared denounce. I suppose He was what would now be called a pro-Gentile—that is, one who cares too deeply for his country to stand by speechless while her enemies are betraying her to some money-grubbing gang of mongrel financiers. In His spirit is that challenge of Ibsen's 'Enemy of the People,' whose voice

rings clear above the execrations of the mob, 'I love my native town so well I would rather ruin it than see it flourishing upon a lie.' This is the fiery patriotism that inspired Francis Adams when he sang :

'England, the land I loved  
With passionate pride ;  
For hate of whom I live,  
Who for love had died.

'Can I while shines the sun  
That hour regain,  
When I again may come to you  
And love again ?

'No, not while that flag  
Of greed and lust  
Flaunts in the air untaught  
To drag the dust.

'Never till expiant  
I see you kneel,  
And brandished gleams aloft  
The foeman's steel.

'Ah ! then to speed, and laugh  
As my heart caught the knife.  
Mother, I love you ! here,  
Here is my life.'

How vividly this recalls the stand made long ago in Judæa against those self-styled patriots who showed their devotion to country in that abject betrayal of their fellow-countryman to Rome, crying, 'We have no King but Cæsar !' How



Jesus flung out against their intolerable self-righteousness that scathing denunciation drawn from their national Scriptures: 'I tell you of a truth, many widows were in Israel in the days of Elias, when the heaven was shut up three years and six months, when great famine was throughout all the land; but unto none of them was Elias sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Eliseus the prophet; but none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian.'

Now all this, I am convinced, was not the outcome of the feeling, It is easy and pleasant to criticise my country, for am I not a citizen of a larger world—but of an intense and burning affection. He believed in Israel as elect—a royal priesthood, a people chosen, not to damn the world by their contempt, but to save it by their faith. This was the immemorial belief of poets and prophets now in these last days gathered up into the fulgent conviction of the Christ. It was for this conviction that His countrymen would have cast Him down headlong from the precipice on which their city was built, and did ultimately succeed in killing His Body—the Body that for more than three days could not be holden of death,

and His Soul 'goes marching on,' assured, eternal, irresistible through all the ages.

I am not astonished that those who reject impulse as basis of the faith should attach little value to its human interpretation by the centuries. History to them is no other than a long betrayal of the faith—a betrayal by the fool people led by the knave priest—that is, by the humanity they somewhat curiously insist is the only proper object of our affections! Human documents are not altogether cheerful reading, nor *vox populi* always *vox Dei*, yet surely the belief that history is useful to us in a merely negative sense, as yielding only dark and terrible warnings, is so obviously exaggerated and so hopelessly paralytic that it would be simply a waste of time to discuss it. That the first, second, and third centuries, to say nothing of the nineteenth and twentieth, after full admittance of their vagaries and their crimes, should still have something not merely negative to teach us by way of interpretation and development of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, is on the face of it a far saner and more probable assumption. I have therefore no hesitation in appealing to the records of His early followers and to the explanation of His teaching by the after-years.

On the threshold of Christian history is

heard the voice of St. Paul, Apostle of the Gentiles, extremist cosmopolite, most uncompromising enemy of any merely cramping national ceremony or tie. (It is advisable for the Russian censors to be ready with their brushes) :

‘My manner of life from my youth, which was at the first among mine own nation at Jerusalem, know all the Jews; which knew me from the beginning, if they would testify, *that after the most straitest sect of our religion I lived a Pharisee. And now I stand and am judged for the hope of the promise made of God unto our fathers: unto which promise our twelve tribes, instantly serving God day and night, hope to come. For which hope's sake, King Agrippa, I am accused of the Jews.*

Again, in his letter to the Corinthian Church, he says : ‘Are they Hebrews? So am I. Are they Israelites? So am I. Are they the seed of Abraham? So am I.’

It has sometimes seemed to me that it would not be far from the truth if we were to look for the germ of the vast and catholic understanding he afterwards developed in the misdirected and exclusive nationalism of earlier years as persecutor—a nationalism retained in everything but its crudeness and provincialism to the end of the chapter.

There is about all this a genuine ring

that forbids us to attribute it to any merely diplomatic considerations on the part of the Apostle. Now, if this was the attitude of St. Paul, whose pro-Gentile conflicts with the Christo-Judaic communities were sharp and frequent, we shall not be astonished that the nationalism of these communities should be even more pronounced and unmistakable. The first disciples were notoriously desirous of keeping to the old paths. They introduced no new religious system, they founded no independent sect. They existed simply as so many guilds within the National Church, having for primary object the recalling of their compatriots to the pure worship of the God of their fathers, who had in these last days spoken to them in a Son. These Judaic guilds were, of course, embryonic parts of the Catholic Church, and even if St. Paul, that most tremendous catholic factor, had never existed, the new wine of their teaching would undoubtedly, sooner or later, have burst the old wine-skin; but, as a matter of actual fact, it was a purely external catastrophe that ultimately dislodged them from the Commonwealth of Israel and forced them into independence.

So far, then, we have seen that patriotism was by no means in these early days considered incompatible with the wider ideals

of the Christian movement. Natural and particular affections of kinship, friendship, or nationality were by no means to be attacked or crushed out ; they were to be controlled, encouraged, and guided into larger channels ; in a word, to be fulfilled, not destroyed.

Countless historical instances might be cited in support of this pre-eminently Christian doctrine of the expansiveness of local affections, of this pre-eminently Christian method of stressing both the particular and the universal, or, rather, the *universal in the particular*. It will be sufficient for my purpose to mention two such instances — namely, the doctrine of predestination and sacramental belief.

The belief in predestination as originally taught by St. Paul, then narrowed by St. Anselm, and later by post-Reformation doctors, and finally expanded and elaborated by almost contemporary theologians, has as its root conception the election of especial individuals or nations ; not of some close aristocracy of the pious to exclusive rewards and barren glories, but of a small band predestined to the glory of service, servants of the servants of God, lights set upon a hill to guide the footsteps of the world along the home-path, first-fruits of a multitudinous harvest. Under one or other of these

images has the idea been popularized. Perhaps it has been best understood in our own days, as found in the great National Ode of a modern poet, of which these are characteristic verses :

‘Have the elder races halted?  
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over  
there beyond the seas?  
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and  
the lesson,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

‘All the past we leave behind,  
We debouch upon a newer, mightier, varied world;  
Fresh and strong the world we seize—world of  
labour and the march,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!

‘We detachments steady throwing  
Down the edges, through the passes, up the moun-  
tains steep,  
Conquering, daring, holding, venturing as we go the  
unknown ways,  
Pioneers! O Pioneers!’

This idea of the predestined is the Christian equivalent of the Jewish belief in the elect nation, and as clearly evidences the compatibility of the two conceptions of the particular and the universal.

But the most striking witness is borne to this conception by sacramental beliefs common to almost all Christian schools, and treated as fundamental by the Catholic world—instance the rites of Baptism, Con-

firmation, Orders, and, above all, the Blessed Sacrament of God's Body.

How close a parallel can be traced between its history and that of nationalism ! Is it not, for instance, those very cosmopolitan sects, Tolstoyans and the like, who, shocked at the corruptions of nationalism and of the Mass, and confusing their abuses with their essential character, have rejected both, their vision of God becoming by reason of this rejection vague and blurred ? And are not the corruptions of the one and of the other almost identical in nature ? The Divine Presence in the Mass, adored as a Presence distinct, exclusive, cut off from and incompatible with God's universal presence in the world, becomes an insupportable heresy. So, too, with the love of country. A worship of the nation that is narrow, and excludes admiration for the traditions and heroisms of other countries, that is in effect a denial of the universal workings of God's Spirit, is the turning of a great and legitimate sacrament into a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit.

That God is contained within wafer or country is as necessary a proposition as it is orthodox. That He is circumscribed or limited by either the one or the other is rank heresy ; none the less heresy if people, holding it faintly and unenthusiastically,

admit His, 'in a sense,' ubiquity. This most objectionable phrase 'in a sense,' if you drive it into a corner, will generally turn out to be heretical *nonsense*.

The fact is that human nature is so constituted that it can get no real hold on the universal excepting through its particular and instinctive expressions. How full a recognition of this is found in the Gospel of Jesus Christ when one remembers that to the Founder of our religion the natural corollary of His words—'Woman, believe Me the hour cometh, and now is, when ye shall neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father, for God is a Spirit'—was the taking of bread, the definite and common substance of everyday life, and blessing it, and giving it to His disciples, saying, '*This is My body.*' To those disciples and to their children's children it became clearer and clearer that in Him they found all that was meant by the word 'God'; that He and their Father were one; that His body was the body of the universal God; and, further, that just as it was only in contact with the definite, tangible human being that they had found God, so in future it would be only through this or that definite friendship, place, saint, shrine, sacrament that they would keep in touch with the Sacred Heart of the universe,



the Soul of the souls of men. Assuredly if a man fails to find God in the sacrament of his daily bread, or in what blind people would call some equally common and insignificant trifle of his daily life, he will search for Him in vain throughout or beyond the confines of this huge world.

I therefore, for my part, do not shrink from so bold a definition of this local Presence as is found in later Christian thought and is implied in the first Anglican Prayer-Book of Edward VI., where it says: 'And every one (piece of bread) shall be divided into two pieces, at the least, or more, at the discretion of the minister, and so distributed. And men must not think less to be received in part than in the whole, but in each of them the whole body of our Saviour Jesus Christ'—*i.e.*, the whole body of God.

For these and other reasons, but above all for these, I have been forced to the conclusion that it is something bigger than chance that has driven the most catholic of all religions to lay such stress upon particular affections and worships. Is it not rather the Spirit of the Incommensurate and Unfathomable God, who for us men and for our salvation becomes a child—a little child in whom lies mirrored sun, moon, stars, and everything?

## THE FACT OF THE MATTER

BY THE EDITOR

**T**HERE are signs that the period of transition in which we have been living restlessly for the last twenty years is coming to an end. People seem eager once more to be anchored to some firm convictions. Even political parties, resisting the endeavours of opportunist statesmen to keep them together, are showing a tendency to split, and, let us hope, will carry out the process till they reach a bed-rock of fundamental principles on which they can be built up again. The question of the hour is a great one. What are to be the ideals of the new era? We are all more or less agreed that this age of cynical indifference and tinkering expedients should be ended, but we have not all made up our minds as to the way to end it.

Meanwhile, two principles, more or less clearly defined and sufficiently attractive, have gradually emerged from the chaos; and one of them at least has reached the stage at which it is beginning to develop a constructive policy. These principles are

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Imperialism and Cosmopolitanism, and it is small wonder that many men, grown sick of doubt, have become dupes of these high-sounding delusions. For what great idea is there in the field strong enough to inspire opposition? The two parties are both divided by the test of these principles, and only attack now this or now that manifestation of them with vague dissatisfaction and from no clear standpoint of opposing ideal. Still, the opposition is considerable, and growing stronger now that Imperialism, the most active of the forces, is unfolding its programme. On what is that opposition to be based? To this question 'England: a Nation' is an attempt, made as modestly as our conviction that we have the truth will allow, to provide an answer. It is to be based on the principle of Patriotism.

This principle Mr. G. K. Chesterton explains in the opening essay of this book, and makes it clear that Imperialism is not, as many would have us believe, a wider Patriotism. He also explains the necessity for emphasizing the patriotic idea. He shows that those who build Empires destroy Patriotism while they exploit it, and those who frame Utopias deny it altogether. Our Patriotism differs in the acceptance of the fact of democracy from the patriotism of Bolingbroke, and it differs, in being more

than a rhetorical phrase, from the patriotism of Pitt in opposition or Mr. Chamberlain in office, but it is the same love of our native land as that which inspired the former, and as that to which these latter appealed. It is something more than Nationalism, which is Patriotism on the defensive, and does not provide a constructive policy. It seeks to draw attention to England, and to emphasize her needs and her duties.

The fact is that Great Britain is an island, so situated as to be part of the European system. 'Greater Britain' has no geographical significance, and sprawls amorphously over five continents. These two entities attract two different and mutually exclusive loyalties, the one Patriotism and the other Imperialism. The one loyalty is for a thing that we know and can understand, a true organism, of which we can predicate rights and duties; the other leads to that 'thinking in continents' which is one of the recognised signs of madness.

We start, therefore, from our insular and European position, but we do not forget that this island is in a peculiar relation to certain other countries in the world. It has another island on its flank whose interests are intimately bound up with its own. It is the Mother-Country of many large and flourishing Colonies, and it has

undertaken the grave responsibilities of an Empire in the East—responsibilities, be it said in passing, that have been carried out in a manner which must be the pride of all Englishmen, though some may regret that we have no fixed policy or ideal of future development. It has been clearly impossible to deal with all these problems within the compass of this book, and we are aware of certain serious omissions. We should have liked, for example, to have devoted essays to our national defences and our commercial position, both of which depend for their character on the fact of our being an island; to have associated ourselves with those who demand a constant vigilance in the affairs of our navy, and as strict and jealous a criticism of its economy and management as has lately been of necessity directed towards our military organization; and to have met Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals, not indeed with the destructive criticism which, fortunately, seems now unnecessary, but with certain counter-suggestions, such as the better organization by the State of our transport system both at home and on the seas. With Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals is bound up, too, a political question, perhaps their most important part, involving our relations to our Colonies. It is not difficult to apply our general principle

to this particular case. It seems clear that we cannot benefit the Colonies without injuring ourselves, and that we cannot benefit ourselves without injuring the Colonies. Why, then, attempt to substitute for the sentimental ties which attach them to us and us to them an artificial union likely to result in jealousies and strife? Let them develop on their own lines, and, most important of all to us, let us develop on ours. We can get no further if we imagine that we include them or that they include us.

Though we could not achieve comprehensiveness in our treatment of the external relations of the English nation, we have selected as test cases for the application of our principle three current and important problems involving different issues. Mr. Hugh Law argues that we cannot co-operate with Ireland till we understand its national characteristics, and that our failure to do so seriously hampers our own national growth. Mr. Nevinson emphasizes a duty that arises from our European position and the treaty obligations incidental to it, and shows how Imperialism seems to have triumphed for a time over our national conscience. Finally, Mr. Hammond's essay describes aggressive Imperialism in conflict with Nationalism, and shows the loss to both conquerors and con-

quered when an effort is made to impose one self-conscious nationality on another. Briefly, then, our foreign policy should be based on the assumption that Great Britain is an individual nation, with the rights and duties of its individuality, and should defend as a whole and throughout the world, the institutions which are the growth of the soil against the institutions which are superimposed upon it.

While it is the supreme right of a nation to defend its own existence, it is the supreme duty of a nation to attend to its own concerns. We are in danger of neglecting England for an unknown and unknowable entity, called the Empire. Patriotism protests ; for it must be ever anxiously diagnosing the needs of its country, and bringing forward and testing, by its knowledge of and jealousy for her national characteristics, proposals for dealing with them. What is the condition of England at the present moment ? What are her chief needs, and how can they be supplied ? These questions have received some important answers of late years from those who, consciously or unconsciously, are in opposition to the dominant Imperialistic spirit. We may cite the patient investigations into the vital problems of our existence of such devoted patriots as Mr. Charles Booth and Messrs.

Rowntree and Sherwell, the effective summary of the needs of England in 'The Heart of the Empire,' and the practical proposals both of that work and of a more recent book that should not be neglected, 'The Opportunity of Liberalism,' by Mr. Brougham Villiers.\* We cannot hope to provide a complete synthesis of such investigations and such proposals. We do aim, though, at suggesting the lines on which such a synthesis should be made. We believe firmly that our principle can provide a constructive policy of internal reform.

One great fact emerges in any examination of the present condition of England—the divorce of the great majority of Englishmen from the soil of their native country. Mr. Masterman and Mr. Ensor examine the fact from different standpoints, and arrive at very similar conclusions as to the main need of England and the right way of supplying it. They suggest the kind of schemes—small holdings, garden cities, such factory legislation as will benefit the physical condition of the mothers and children of our people, and will enable education to be more effectively given to our workers, the

\* These examples are the first that come to mind. Many more might be given, and some have been in the course of the book.



preservation of the natural beauties of our island—which will find their place in the programme of the patriot. Education is a question that the stress of industrial competition is forcing on the attention of our politicians, and there is a great danger that the fact which is bringing it into prominence may give it an unfortunate direction. We may devote all our energies to turning out good mechanics, and forget to make them good Englishmen. Therefore Mr. Bray pleads for us for a patriotic education.

These three essays deal with some of the main problems of internal policy, to which they aim at applying our general principle ; financial problems have been neglected, save for Mr. Masterman's endorsement of the scheme of taxing, internal reforms, for land values at home and capital invested abroad. Fiscal schemes are not, perhaps, of the paramount importance that some would have us believe. They tend to obscure greater issues. 'Man does not live by bread alone,' quoted Mr. Chamberlain at the beginning of his present campaign, and the quotation was greeted with the 'loud laughter' that no doubt followed the remark in its first utterance. We agree with him, only with the reservation that we would offer a different alternative from bacon. There are two dangers, however,

arising from the industrial organization of the modern world, against which those who desire England for the English must be especially on their guard : the one is the development in England of trusts on the American system, a development from which we are partially saved by our Free Trade policy ; the other is the insidious influence of the cosmopolitan financier, an influence the character and danger of which have recently been pointed out in Mr. Belloc's satire, ' Emmanuel Burden,' a book to rack the heart of the patriot.

We have developed our principle, and roughly shown it, as it were, in action. But an important question waits to be answered : Is Patriotism too narrow a loyalty for the Christian ? Mr. Conrad Noel answers this question in his essay, showing that the Christian religion is in no wise hostile to the particularity of the patriotic idea. He goes further, and argues, in opposition to the Tolstoyan view of Christianity, that the teaching of Christ is favourable to the development of local and particular loyalty.

We plead, then, for England, a nation, that in the large enterprises of the twentieth century she may not be forgotten, and that she may not, in lust of gold or dominion, forget herself. We plead for the whole country as against class interests of any

kind whatever. Too long have we been drinking up

‘Demure as at a grave,  
Pollutions from the brimming cup of wealth.’

We would recruit the young men of England for a new enterprise, offering them no reward but the glory of working for the land of their birth. Various battle-cries are stirring the country—‘On to a World Empire!’ ‘On to Universal Brotherhood,’ ‘Back to Protection!’ ‘Back to the Land!’ Our battle-cry is ‘Back to England!’ which we claim to be more comprehensive than some of these, more practical than others, and more inspiriting than them all.

‘O native Britain! O my Mother Isle!  
How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy

To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,  
Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,  
Have drunk in all my intellectual life,  
All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,  
All adoration of the God in nature,  
All lovely and all honourable things,  
Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel  
The joy and greatness of its future being?  
There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul  
Unborrowed from my country. O divine  
And beauteous island! thou hast been my sole  
And most magnificent temple, in the which  
I walk with awe and sing my stately songs,  
Loving the God that made me!’



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